LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES

ADULTS ONLY

NO.21

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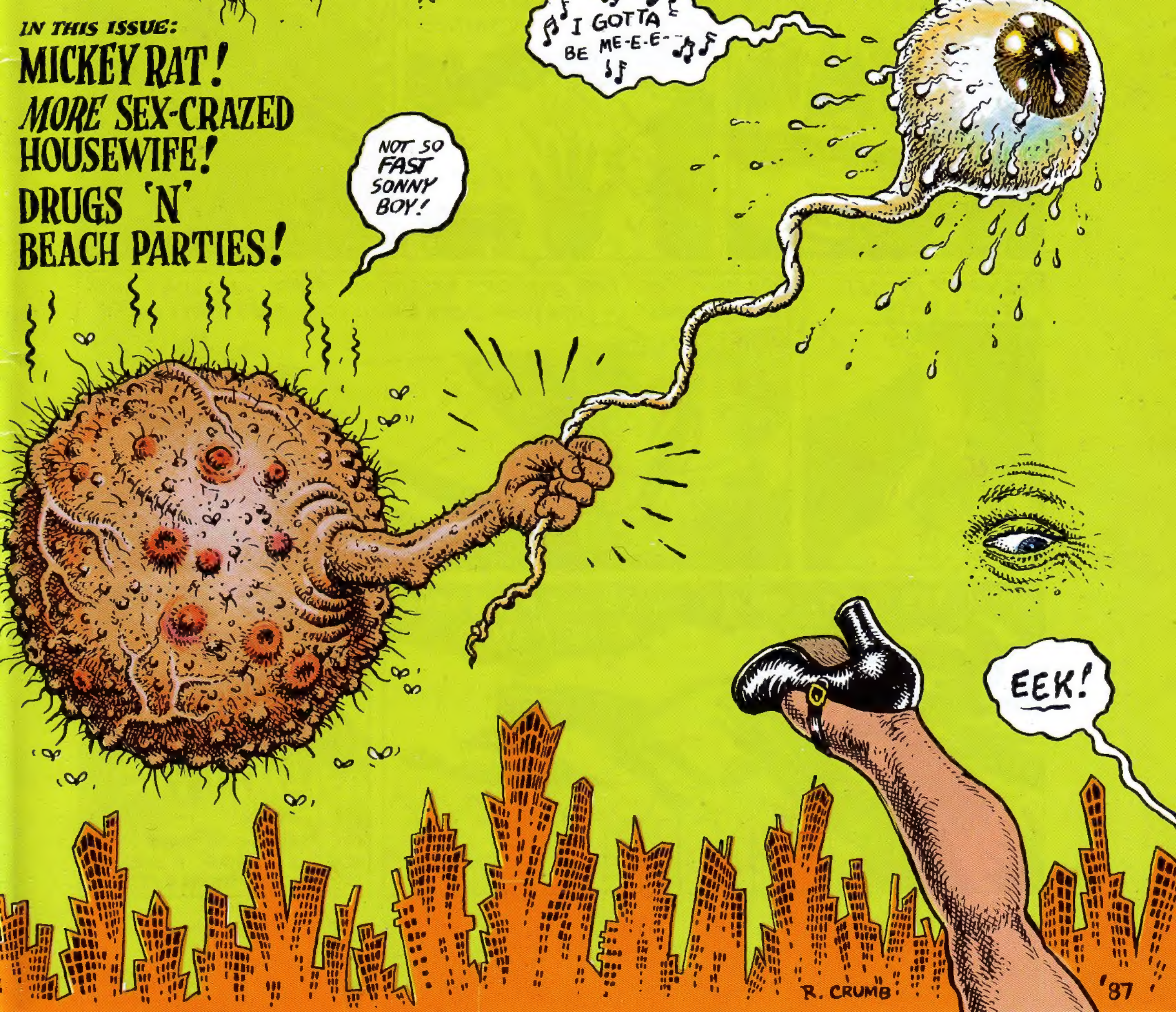
WEIRDO

IN THIS ISSUE:

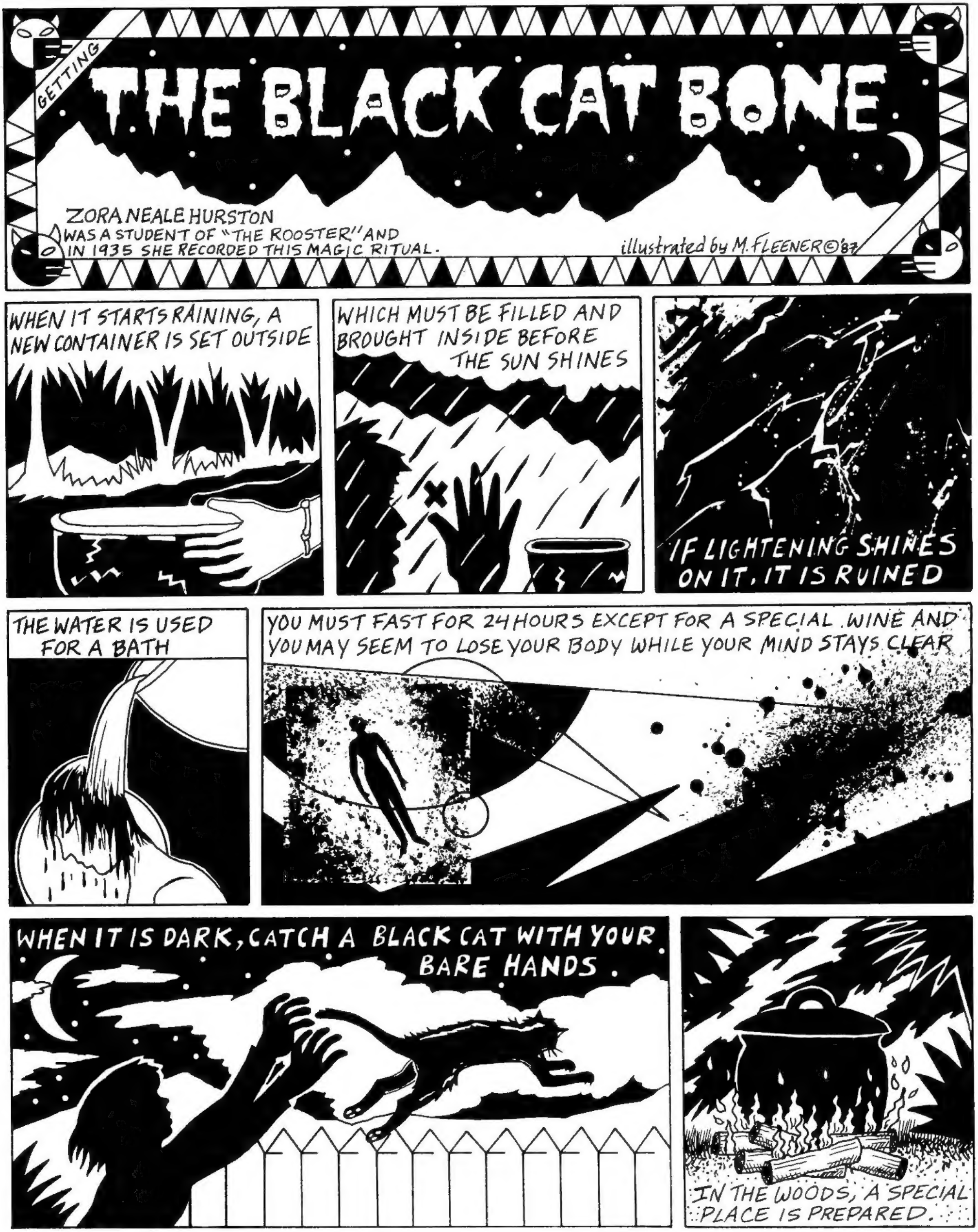
MICKEY RAT!

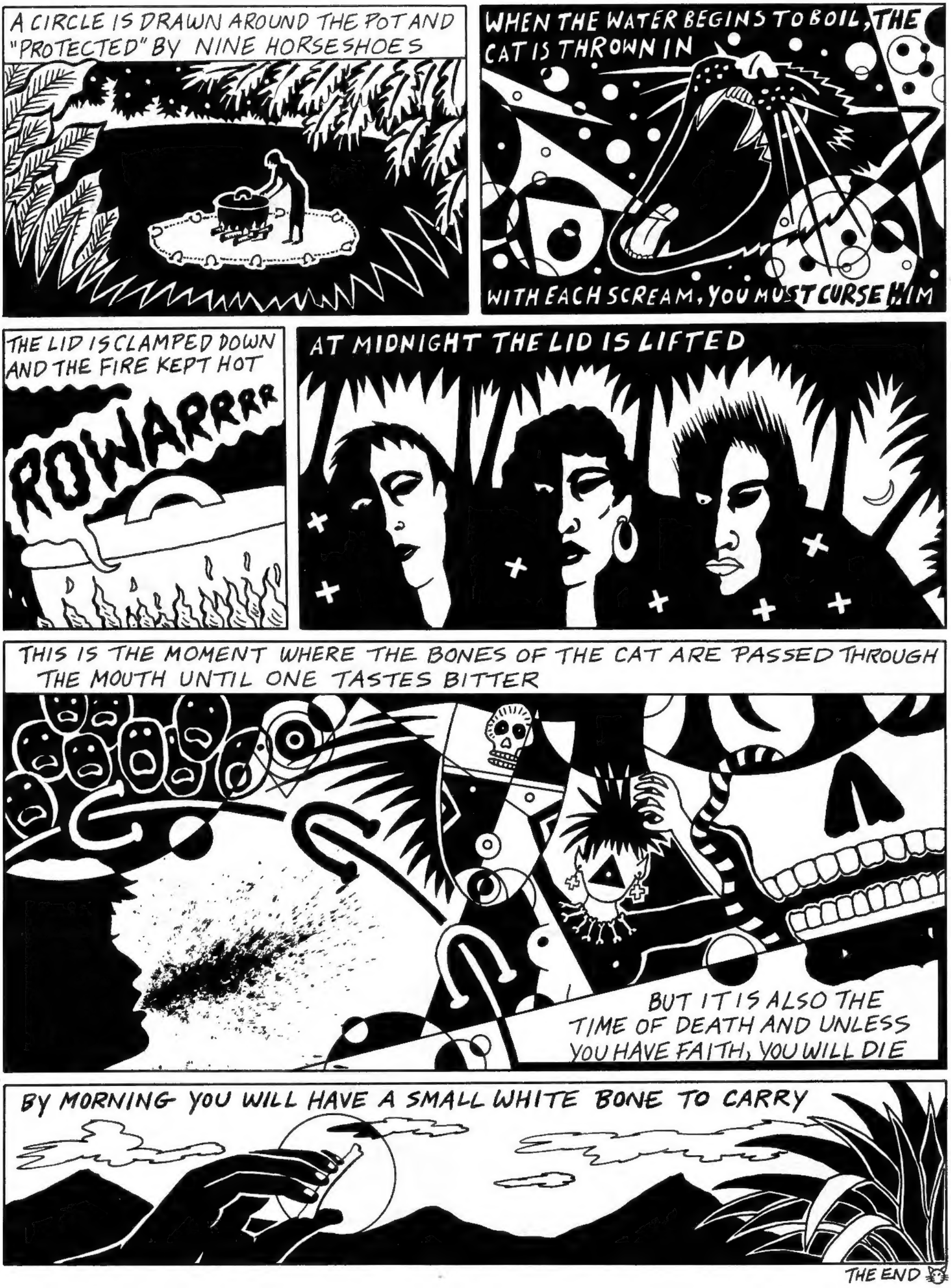
***MORE* SEX-CRAZED HOUSEWIFE!**

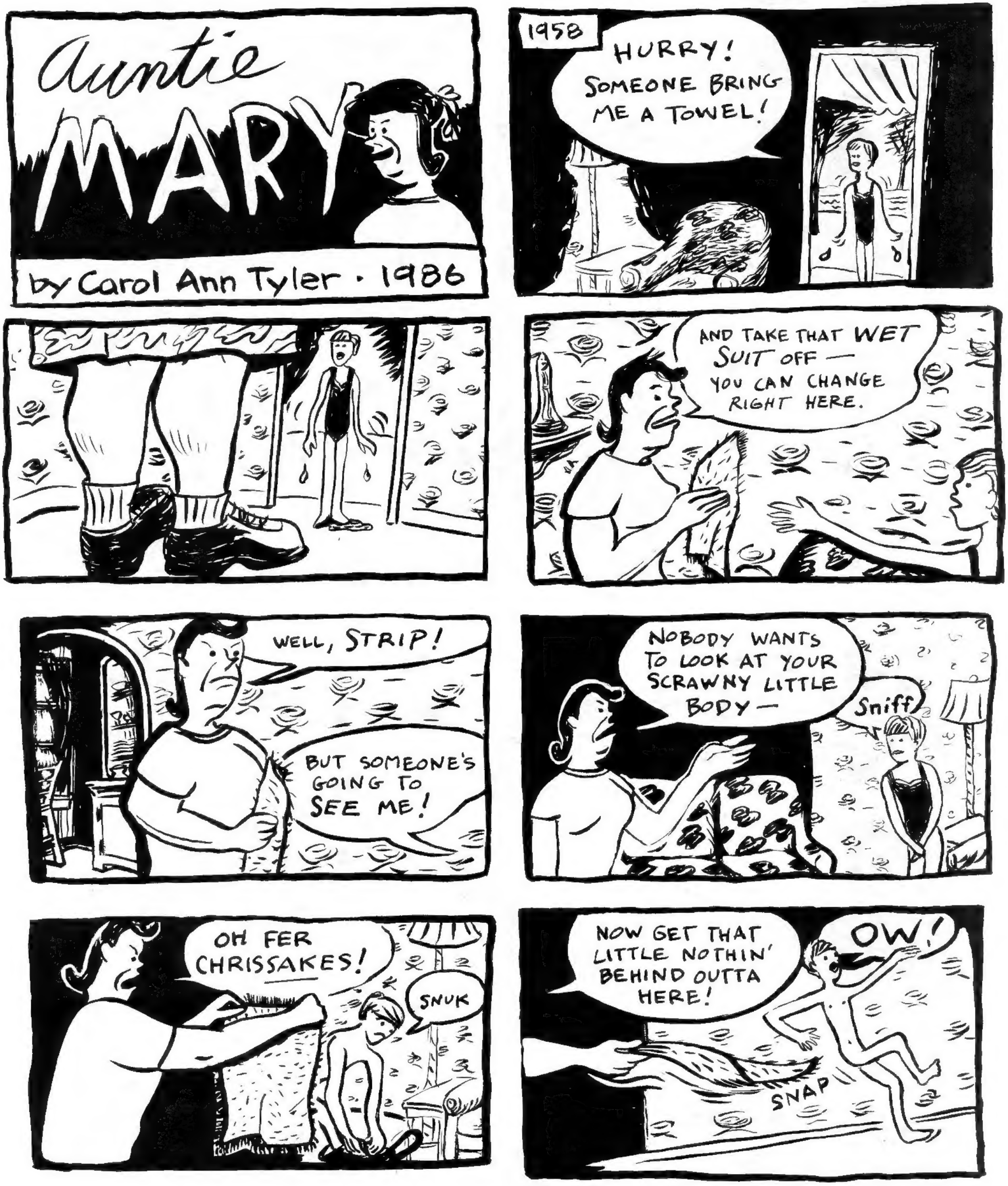
DRUGS 'N' BEACH PARTIES!


I GOTTA BE ME-E-E-
NOT SO FAST SONNY BOY!
EEK!
R. CRUMB
'87

"SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BE ABLE TO WALK INVISIBLE. SOME THINGS MUST BE IN DEEP SECRET, SO YOU HAVE TO WALK OUT OF THE SIGHT OF MAN" - THE REVERAND FATHER JOE WATSON "THE FRIZZLY ROOSTER"


GETTING
THE BLACK CAT BONE
ZORA NEALE HURSTON WAS A STUDENT OF "THE ROOSTER" AND IN 1935 SHE RECORDED THIS MAGIC RITUAL.
illustrated by M. FLEENER ©'87
WHEN IT STARTS RAINING, A NEW CONTAINER IS SET OUTSIDE
WHICH MUST BE FILLED AND BROUGHT INSIDE BEFORE THE SUN SHINES
IF LIGHTENING SHINES ON IT, IT IS RUINED
THE WATER IS USED FOR A BATH
YOU MUST FAST FOR 24 HOURS EXCEPT FOR A SPECIAL WINE AND YOU MAY SEEM TO LOSE YOUR BODY WHILE YOUR MIND STAYS CLEAR
WHEN IT IS DARK, CATCH A BLACK CAT WITH YOUR BARE HANDS
IN THE WOODS, A SPECIAL PLACE IS PREPARED.


A CIRCLE IS DRAWN AROUND THE POT AND "PROTECTED" BY NINE HORSESHOES
WHEN THE WATER BEGINS TO BOIL, THE CAT IS THROWN IN
WITH EACH SCREAM, YOU MUST CURSE HIM
THE LID IS CLAMPED DOWN AND THE FIRE KEPT HOT
ROWARRRR
AT MIDNIGHT THE LID IS LIFTED
THIS IS THE MOMENT WHERE THE BONES OF THE CAT ARE PASSED THROUGH THE MOUTH UNTIL ONE TASTES BITTER
BUT IT IS ALSO THE TIME OF DEATH AND UNLESS YOU HAVE FAITH, YOU WILL DIE
BY MORNING YOU WILL HAVE A SMALL WHITE BONE TO CARRY
THE END


Auntie MARY
by Carol Ann Tyler · 1986
1958
HURRY! SOMEONE BRING ME A TOWEL!
AND TAKE THAT WET SUIT OFF — YOU CAN CHANGE RIGHT HERE.
WELL, STRIP!
BUT SOMEONE'S GOING TO SEE ME!
NOBODY WANTS TO LOOK AT YOUR SCRAWNY LITTLE BODY —
Sniff
OH FER CHRISSAKES!
SNUK
NOW GET THAT LITTLE NOTHIN' BEHIND OUTTA HERE!
OW!
SNAP

WEIRDO

NO. 21 "GET REAL!" FALL 1987

BY HARVEY PEKAR

COMIC JOURNALISM

ONE OF THE RECURRING THEMES IN MY ESSAYS ABOUT COMICS IS THAT THEY CAN BE USED IN MANY WAYS EVEN THOUGH THEY HAVEN'T BEEN UP TO NOW. LET'S FOCUS ON COMICS AS A VEHICLE FOR TEACHING AND JOURNALISM.

TELEVISION AND MOVIES, WHICH EMPLOY SPOKEN WORDS AND MOVING PICTURES, ARE ACCEPTED AS EXCELLENT VEHICLES FOR JOURNALISM, IN WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS AND PRINTED TEXT ARE EMPLOYED. IT'S ONLY A SMALL STEP FROM PHOTO JOURNALISM TO COMIC JOURNALISM, WHICH ALSO USES WRITTEN WORDS AND STILL PICTURES.

COMICS HAVE BEEN USED OCCASIONALLY FOR TEACHING AND JOURNALISTIC PURPOSES THROUGHOUT THEIR HISTORY, BUT LEONARD RIFAS PROBABLY DESERVES CREDIT FOR BEING THE FIRST PERSON TO SEE AND EXPLOIT THEIR POTENTIAL IN THIS AREA. A PRODUCT OF THE UNDERGROUND COMIC MOVEMENT, HE PUBLISHED HIS FIRST BOOK IN 1969, AND ESTABLISHED HIS *EDUCOMICS* COMPANY IN 1976. AMONG HIS TITLES ARE AN ARMY OF PRINCIPLES, WHICH DEALS WITH THE IDEAS BEHIND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, ALL ATOMIC COMICS, ABOUT THE DANGER OF NUCLEAR POWER, FOOD FIRST COMICS, A STUDY OF WORLD HUNGER, AND THE INEQUITIES OF FOOD DISTRIBUTION, AND CORPORATE CRIME COMICS.

THE WRITING AND DRAWING IN LEONARD'S BOOKS ARE SIMPLE AND CLEAR ENOUGH FOR AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KID TO FOLLOW, BUT THEY CONTAIN VITAL POLITICAL AND SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION THAT MOST ADULTS ARE UNAWARE OF. MANY READERS FROM EVERY AGE GROUP COULD BENEFIT FROM READING THEM.

AND NOW FOR THE NEPOTISM. MY WIFE JOYCE BRABNER EDITED AND PARTLY WROTE A RECENTLY PUBLISHED COMIC ENTITLED REAL WAR STORIES WHICH FOCUSES ON THE DANGERS OF U.S. MILITARISM AROUND THE WORLD. IT CONTAINS EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS OF WARS IN VIET NAM AND EL SALVADOR AND THE INVASION OF GRENADA, AND SUGGESTS WAYS FOR EFFECTIVELY OPPOSING MILITARISM. THE WRITING AND ILLUSTRATION, DONE BY STRAIGHT COMICS ARTISTS LIKE ALAN MOORE, BILL SIENKIEWICZ, MIKE BARR AND BRIAN BOLLAND, WHOSE WORK APPEALS TO TEEN-AGERS THAT MIGHT BE CONSIDERING ENLISTMENT, IS GENERALLY SKILLFUL AND SOMETIMES INSPIRED.

BECAUSE STORIES CAN BE TOLD SO ECONOMICALLY AND DIRECTLY IN COMICS, THEY ARE IDEALLY SUITED FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF JOURNALISM. READERS CAN OFTEN FOLLOW THEM MORE EASILY THAN STRAIGHT PROSE STORIES, AND THEIR PICTORIAL CONTENT CAN BE QUITE MOVING.

REAL WAR STORIES WAS SUCCESSFUL ENOUGH TO INDUCE THE CHRISTIC INSTITUTE, A PUBLIC INTEREST LAW AND PUBLIC POLICY CENTER WHICH WAS ACTIVE IN THE KAREN SILKWOOD AND GREENSBORO CIVIL RIGHTS TRIALS, TO CONTACT JOYCE ABOUT PUBLICIZING THEIR EFFORTS. CURRENTLY THEY ARE INVOLVED IN THE LA PENCA BOMBING CASE, IN WHICH, DURING AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON

~~ CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ~~

Letters to the Editor

ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB
P.O. BOX 533
WINTERS, CALIFORNIA
95694

HELLO READERS.... ITS ME AGAIN... ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB... PRESENTING ANOTHER JAM-PACKED, FABULOUSLY ENTERTAINING ISSUE OF WEIRDO. I'VE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN PESTERING ROBERT ARMSTRONG ENOUGH TO GET A GREAT MICKEY RAT STORY.. I THINK YOU'LL AGREE ITS TOPS. WE'VE ALSO GOT A SHORT STORY BY AN UNKNOWN, BRIAN TURNER... LE'M ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK.... EVERYBODY UNANIMOUSLY LOVED CAROL TYLER'S UNCOVERED PROPERTY IN WEIRDO #20. A LOT OF YOU HAVE ASKED ME ABOUT CAROL, SO..... SHE'S AN ARTIST-WAITRESS-COMEDIENNE LIVING IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA. SHE'S AN ACCOMPLISHED PAINTER WHO SWITCHED TO CARTOONING RECENTLY BECAUSE THE MATERIALS ARE CHEAPER.. SHE IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON A LONG STORY FOR THE NEXT WEIRDO, AND SHE HAS 2 PAGES IN THIS ISSUE. CAROL IS MARRIED TO A TALENTED CARTOONIST-SIGN-PAINTER + IS THE MOTHER OF A BEAUTIFUL RED-HAIRED 2 YR. OLD GIRL.

NOW... BACK TO ME... YOUR EDITOR..... I MUST ADMIT I WAS TEMPTED TO CALL THIS ISSUE, ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB'S WEIRDO. WITH THE EMPHASIS ON ME + KIND O' DOWN PLAYING THE WEIRDO PART... BUT WHAT IF SALES DROPPED DRASTICALLY I'D BE TOO YUMILIATED... SO INSTEAD TO FOCUS APPROPRIATE ATTENTION ON ME, I'M HAVING A DRAW THE EDITOR CONTEST!! GREAT IDEA HEY?? SO HERE'S YOUR CHANCE YOU LOVEABLE KIDS TO FLATTER ME WITH YOUR ARTISTIC RENDERINGS OF MEE!! REMEMBER I'M VAIN, EGO-CENTRIC + RAPIDLY AGING... SO I WANT YOU TO FOCUS ON WHATS LEFT OF MY CUTENESS. DRAWINGS MUST BE SENT BY NOV. 15, 1987. I WILL PICK MY 3 FAVORITES... THEY'LL RECEIVE AN AUTOGRAPHED COLOR PORTRAIT OF ME TO KEEP BY THE BED. RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN WEIRDO #22. KEEP SUBMISSIONS SMALL SO I CAN SQUEEZE IN A LOT... THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SHOW YOUR DEVOTION AND ENTHUSIASM WEIRDO READERS, AFTER ALL, I ALWAYS DEFEND YOU TO MY SNOOTY WINE + CHEESE FRIENDS WHO THINK COMIC READERS ARE ALL PEAR SHAPED, PIMPLY FACED NERDS!!

ALSO, MY FRIENDS, I'M ASKING FOR DONATIONS FROM YOU FOR MY LIPPOSUCTION + COSMETIC SURGERY FUND. I WAS SO IMPRESSED BY HOW MUCH MONEY SOPHIE RECEIVED FOR HER COLLEGE FUND THAT I DECIDED TO START MY OWN FUND. EXCEPT I DON'T WANT TO HAFTO DO ANYTHING (SOPHIE SENT ORIGINAL ART) I JUST WANT YOU TO SEND ME $10..... ITS NOT MUCH AND I PROMISE I'LL SAVE IT. I WON'T USE IT TO BUY A LEATHER DRESS. I'LL ONLY SPEND IT ON SERIOUS MEDICAL IMPROVEMENTS THAT WILL LAST. IT'S A SOUND INESTMENT IN MY FUTURE!! SO REACH INTO THOSE POCKETS + GIVE TO ME... IF I'M NOT HAPPY I WON'T WANT TO KEEP THIS MAGAZINE GOING... I'LL HAFTO GET A JOB + GET REAL OR SOMETHING HORRIBLE LIKE THAT... SO THINK ABOUT IT!!

ONE LAST THING.. I MUST APOLOGIZE TO THAT SWEET YOUNG BOY, EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT FOR LEAVING OUT THE VITAL STATISTICS ON HIS 'ZINE IN THE LAST ISSUE.. SO HERE IT IS: TALES OF THE SINISTER HARVEY

EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT
104 W. MAIN ST. #4
CARRBORO, N.C. 27510

#1 IS SOLD OUT BUT BEING REPRINTED
#2 IS DUE IN Sept.-Oct. PRICE $1.00

DEAR ALINE,

WELL, I JUST READ AN ARTICLE ABT FORMER "60'S PEOPLE" BY A DAME WHO SAID WHY DON'T US GUYS REALIZE THAT WE'RE JUST OLD PEOPLE + NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE WE WERE WHEN KENNEDY WAS SHOT + SO FORTH. IT WASN'T GREAT WRITING BUT SHE SURE HAD A GOOD POINT. THE VOICE OF SANITY. MEANWHILE EL IS WORKING ON SOME HAND-OUT FOR HIS 25 YR. REUNION OF BRONX SCIENCE H.S. ABT. "WE" (OUR GENERATION, THAT IS) ARE THE GREAT 60'S PEOPLE. I WAS READING HIM SOME OF THIS ARTICLE, ABT WHY DO "WE" THINK IT'S HEADLINE NEWS CUZ WE TURNED 40, BUT EL IS NOT INTERESTED. I PEEKED AT HIS TOSHIBA SCREEN (CAN'T GET PARTS CUZ PRES. OF TOSHIBA SOLD SECRETS TO RUSKIES + USA SLAPPED TOSHIBA WITH A FREEZE) AND IT IS AS IF ("EXIFT" IS THE WORD I THOUGHT "AS IF" WAS WHEN I WAS A KID.) SHE WERE RESPONDING TO HIS TREATISE OR WHATEVER. MEANWHILE, I JUST HOPE I'M ONE OF THE CUTEST WIVES (OR ALUMNA) AT BRONX SCI REUNION CUZ I'M AGING FAST.

WELL MY BIG NEWS IS WE JUST "WENT TO CONTRACT" TO BUY 5 ACRES OF WOODED LAND IN E. HAMPTON. THIS DEAL COULD FALL THROUGH IF THE SELLER CAN'T GET SOME SPECIAL ZONING PASSED + ALSO THERE IS A BUNCH OF RED TAPE ABOUT H20, ELEC. ETC., AND THE CONTRACT SAYS WE CAN'T EVEN CLOSE THIS DEAL TIL 1988, SO ITS A BIT SPECULATIVE, BUT I'M A-HOPING. IT WAS VERY INEXPENSIVE, DUE TO ABOVE IFFY-NESS OF CLOSING, AND WE'LL GET OUR DOWN PYMNT BACK IF DEAL BLOWS UP. PROBABLY... MEANWHILE I VISIT THAT LAND MANY TIMES PER WEEKEND, PLANNING MY HOUSE + POOL. SO IF THIS DEAL FALLS THRU, I GUESS WE'LL FIND ANOTHER PARCEL, BUT NOT AS "CHEAP."

LET'S SEE, ELIOT MADE A MOVIE FOR CBS CALLED HOT PAINT ABT A STOLEN RENOIR. IT WAS FILMED IN TORONTO. ELIOT + HIS WRITING PARTNER ANDY KURTZMAN HAD TO LIVE THERE FOR 1 MO. CUZ THEY WERE ALSO GIVEN "PRODUCER" CREDIT, THIS MEANS THEY ARE NOT DRIVEN OFF THE SET WITH ROCKS + STICKS WHEN THEY COMPLAIN THAT THEIR SCRIPT IS BEING WRECKED, BUT INSTEAD ARE GIVEN EXTRA $. (BUT THEY DO NOT GET TO HAVE THEIR CHANGES PUT BACK IN ALWAYS.) I WENT TO TORONTO 2 WEEKENDS. THEY HAD A CUTE APT. I TOOK MAX (THE DOG) FOR HIS (MAX'S) BIRTHDAY. THEN ANOTHER TIME, I WENT W/O MAX AND KEPT MAX WITH DAPHNE (KURTZMAN'S DOG) - ANN KURTZMAN CAME WITH ME. THE DOG SITTER CALLED ANN FROM NYC TO SAY MY LITTLE BOY WAS TRYING TO MOUNT ANDY + ANN'S ENORMOUS CHOW-CHOW SLUT BITCH WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY ASKING FOR A GOOD FUCK, BUT DUE TO SIZE DIFFERENCES, BOTH WERE UNABLE TO COMPLETE THE "TIE" AND BOTH (ESP. MY LITTLE LAD) WERE INCONTINENT ON THE KURTZMAN'S WALL-TO-WALL, BOTH WERE SQUEALING ALL NIGHT, NEIGHBORS COMPLAINING + WHAT-NOT, SO OF COURSE ANN, TO HELP ME OUT, CALLED BARBARA, THE DOG CAR SERVICE TO TELL HER TO TAKE MAX TO THE MONTROSE PET HOTEL. THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA EXCEPT WHAT ANN DID NOT KNOW WAS I HAD LIED TO BARBARA + TOLD HER MY TRIP WAS CANCELLED (TO SAVE MYSELF $) AS I'D SCHEDULED A LIMO FOR MAX BEFORE I REALIZED HE COULD STAY AT ANN'S WITH DAPHNE. WELL, BARBARA (DOG LIMO) WAS MAD. ANYHOW, MAX ENJOYED THE FLIGHT TO TORONTO + HAD TO BE INSPECTED BY THE DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE CUZ I DECLARED I WAS BRINGING IN LIVE ANIMALS, LIVESTOCK, OR PLANTS. (YOU COULD ONLY CHECK OFF YES OR NO NOT "ONE LITTLE TAN DOG."

EL IS DOING VERY WELL + WITH ANDREW KURTZMAN (DAPHNE THE CHOW'S DAD) SELLS MANY SCREENPLAYS TO WARNERS ETC. BUT THEY GO INTO TURNAROUND BUT, THAT'S OK CUZ THEN OTHER STUDIOS OFFER MORE $ TO "TAKE THE PROJECT OUT OF TURNAROUND."

WELL I JUST BLEW MY NOSE IN A PIECE OF USED KLEENEX FROM MY BASKET BY THE BED BUT I FORGOT WE HAD HAD A HOUSE GUEST + I THINK MAYBE HE J-O'D IN THAT KLEENEX CUZ I THINK I REMEMBERED EMPTYING ALL BASKETS BEFORE HE ARRIVED. (HE HOUSE SAT WHILE WE SPENT A WEEK AT OUR SUMMER HOUSE.) DO YOU THINK I MIGHT HAVE ACCIDENTALLY BLOWN MY NOSE IN A CUM KLEENEX? ICK!!

WELL, MY WORK HAS BEEN FUN LATELY, BUT TOO EXHAUSTING TO GO INTO DETAIL. ONE THING, USUALLY I REPRESENT GARMENT INDUSTRY PEOPLE + I CAN BE MYSELF BUT NOW I AM REPRESENTING A BIG FINANCIAL OUTFIT IN A Ⓡ SUIT AND I KEEP HAVING TO MEET WITH PEOPLE ON THE "DUE DILIGENCE" COMMITTEE OF PRUDENTIAL BACHE ETC. ALSO I HAVE LEARNED TO SAY "HIGH YIELD BONDS" INSTEAD OF "JUNK" BONDS.

WEIRDO NO. 21, FALL, 1987. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 94141. ©1987 by ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB, R. CRUMB, WILLIAM CLARK, DENNIS WORDEN, M. FLEENER, SPAIN RODRIGUEZ, CAROL TYLER, MICHAEL DOUGAN, LUNA TICKS, BRIAN TURNER, JUSTIN GREEN, ROBERT ARMSTRONG, BRUCE N. DUNCAN. LETTERS OF COMMENT & SUBMISSIONS OF ARTWORK (XEROX COPIES IF POSSIBLE...THEY'RE ONLY 5 CENTS!) SHOULD BE SENT TO THE EDITOR, ALINE-KOMINSKY CRUMB, P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CALIF., 95694. EXTRA COPIES OF THIS PUBLICATION SHOULD BE ORDERED FROM THE PUBLISHER AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS. ISBN 0-86719-193-7

ANYHOW, I HAVE TO WEAR A SUIT @ ALL TIMES, BE POLITE, WEAR LIPSTICK, NOT SAY **FUCK**. SEE, OUR FIRM REPRESENTS ALOT OF FINANCIALS WITH SLOGANS... LIKE "WE'LL ELIMINATE POVERTY -- WE'LL KILL THE POOR" TM A MESSAGE OF FIRST NATIONAL MONEY GODS ETC. BUT ME, I LOVE GARMENTOS, SO I STAY OUTTA THE FANCY GUYS' WAY + JUST DO GARMENT LAW + SAY "OK, YOUR PUNK KNOCKED OFF OUR EXERCISING RABBIT SWEATSUIT PRINT + IT'S SCORCHED EARTH IF WE DON'T GET $75,000 BY MONDAY, OK, YOU GOT THAT? (WINK TOWARD ISRAELI CLIENT, AS I SAY -- "MR. MIZ-RACHI, YOUR CHECK BOUNCED -- GET YOUR GIRL OVER HERE WITH $5,000 CASH BY 4 PM OR I WON'T SEE THAT FUCKHEAD KNOCK-OFF MOMSER IN COURT TOMORROW.") KISS-KISS! TOMORROW I AM MEETING A MAN WHO HAS TO SUE ON A PUMPKIN COSTUME.

WELL, I BEGAN TO WRITE TO YOU CUZ YOU WERE KIND ENUF TO SEND ME WEIRDO, BUT I AM PROBABLY TRYING TO AVOID SAYING THIS, BUT I DID NOT LOVE IT. I WILL NOT GO PAGE BY PAGE, BUT YOURS + ROBTS' WERE PER USUAL THE BEST STUFF BUT THE REST WAS BORING, THO BETTER DRAWN THAN PREVIOUS STUFF. (I DID LIKE UNCOVERED PROPERTY.) I WILL TELLYA ALINE, THERE WAS SOME PATHETIC DESPERATION OF THE EXACT SAME KIND IN BOTH YER MOO GOO STRIP + ROBERT'S FOOTSY STRIP. YOU + YR. HUBBY ARE OBVIOUSLY FACING SOME KINDA EGGS-IS-TENSHUL ANXIETY OF THE IDENTICAL TYPE HERE. YOUR HUMOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN SELF-PARODYING YER INSECURITY PLUS ITS COCKY MANIFESTATION. "HI! I'M ALINE! I'M UGLY! I'M ALSO SEXY + TALENTED + GAWGEOUS!" BUT IN GOOD FUN, RIGHT? WELL, THIS TIME YOU SHOW YER SUBCONSHUS PANIC. I AM WORRIED ABT. YOU! OK, YER GOOD, I'M SURE YR. KID IS SWELL + A MARVELOUS REFLECTION ON YOU + SHE WOULD NEVER BLOW HER NOSE ON A CUM KLEENEX IN HER BASKET BUT JESUS CHRIST YOU SOUND LIKE BROOKE SHIELDS MOTHER AWREDDY. HERE IS THE REAL TRUTH + I HOPE YOU FORGIVE ME FOR THIS: YOU SOUND LIKE ERICA JONG. I MEAN, MY DEAR, THIS IS NOT NECESSARY. JUST RELAX AWREDDY. BUT YOUR HUBBY WRITING ABOUT PLAYING FOOTSIE WITH SOME FAT DORK-O YOKEL BIMBO.. NO WONDER YOU HAVE TO TELL PEOPLE YOU HAVE A CHRISTIANLOOKING DAUGHTER. I MEAN, HONEY, THE MAN IS MR. ANTICLIMAX THERE. YOU KIDS SHOULD STOP DRAWING FOR 10 MINITS + GET REAL. PEOPLE DON'T CARE THAT YOU EAT BETTER THAN YOUR COUSIN + LOOK YOUNGER. WHAT WENT WRONG? THE CALIFORNIANS GOT YER MIND? GO BACK TO PAREE FOR A WEEK... THAT WAS A GREAT STRIP! OH WELL, YOU DON'T FOLLOW ME TO WORK + CRITICIZE MY TRADEMARKS, WHO AM I TO SAY? JUST DON'T WASTE YOUR TALENT ON SOME UNNECESSARY MID-LIFE CRISIS. IF MR. HUBBY WANTS TO PLAY FOOTSIE WITH SOMEONE OBVIOUSLY NOT FIT TO CLEAN YOUR TOILET. I'M SURE YOU CAN THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER TO DO IN RESPONSE THAN TELL THE COMIC READING PUBLIC THAT YOUR CHILD LOOKS GENTILE, OR WHATEVER, AND THAT YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH CELLULITE. WELL, NUFF SAID.

DID I TELL YOU I HAD 2 DEPOSITIONS - ONE IN LOUISVILLE + ONE IN MEMPHIS - AND I LOVED BOTH CITIES - I WENT TO GRACELAND + BOUGHT ELVIS® SHAMPOO + CREME RINSE. PLUS SAW ALL THE ELVIS SIGHTS. THE GRAVESTONES HAVE © NOTICES!! I ABOUT CAME IN MY PANTS SEEING THAT, DUE TO MY OWN LOVE FOR THE © LAW.

WELL I HAD BEST GET SOME SHUT-EYE. I HOPE YOU TAKE ABOVE REMARKS AS CONSTRUCTIVE YOU-KNOW-WHAT + DO NOT GET INSULTED, AS I ONLY SAY IT CUZ YOU ARE TOO TALENTED TO FIZZLE OUT ON SUCH ANXIETY STUFF.

LOVE,
JANE
N.Y., N.Y.

BOB + I ARE TRYING TO WORK ON GETTING REAL. WE'RE NOT SURE WHAT THIS INVOLVES EXACTLY SO WE'LL HAFTO MEDITATE ON THIS AWHILE... IF ANYONE HAS ANY SUGGESTIONS LET US KNOW!! I'LL HAFTO CONSULT WITH MR. BUNCH....

EDITOR.

DEAR ALINE,

JUST A NOTE TO LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I ENJOYED THE LATEST ISSUE OF WEIRDO - YOU GUYS HAVE REALLY OUT DONE YOURSELVES! HOW ABOUT FEATURING SOME MORE STORIES BY THAT GIFTED WRITER, STEPHEN CALT?

PAT BRYANT

LOOK FOR CALT IN THE NEXT WEIRDO.
EDITOR

DEAR WEIRDO

IN WEIRDO #20, CRUMB'S FOOTSY HAS TO BE ONE OF HIS PEAK-ACHIEVEMENT PIECES SO FAR, AKIN TO HIS PATTON IN ZAP # 11. AS A RATHER ANTHROPOLOGICALLY-SLANTED DOCUMENTATION ON LIFE IN A SUBORDINATE, UNSOPHISTICATED MILIEU, WITH AN ACCENT OF MURKY TWILIGHT. WITH CRUMB DROPPING MAKE-BELIEVE ALTOGETHER IN DOING STRIPS, AND TREATING REAL LIFE, PERIOD, HIS REALISTIC-ORIENTED GRAPHICS TAKE ON A NEW POWER, A NEW TRUTH; AN ENHANCED SENSE OF DRAMA + DYNAMICS, ELEMENTAL WONDER, PRIMITIVE MYSTERY, AND VIVID SPIRITUAL STARKNESS THAT COULDN'T COME THROUGH OR ADD UP NEARLY SO WELL IN MADE UP CARTOONY-STYLE STORIES. FROM MY OWN MEMORY I CAN SEE IN CRUMB'S FOOTSY THE STEAMY JUNGLE OF JR. HIGH, AND REALIZE BETTER THAN BEFORE THAT IT REALLY WAS A SPECIAL INTENSE, UNDER-COVER SORT OF "RITE OF PASSAGE" PERIOD OF LIFE.

B.N. DUNCAN
BERKELEY, CA.

DEAR ALINE,

I LIKE YOUR CONSISTENT THEMES, BOTH IN YOUR WORK + EDITORIALS. OBSESSIVE FEMALE THEMES. (FASHION, FOOD, YOUR BUTT SIZE, ETC.) PEOPLE CRITICIZE YOUR ART, BUT I LIKE THE INTENSITY OF IT, THE OBVIOUS HOURS OF SWEAT INVOLVED. THE R. CRUMB STORY WAS FUCKIN' GREAT. I LIKE HIS RECENT "BRUSH" WORK. I RELATE TO STORIES OF EARLY TEENAGE REPRESSED SEXUALITY MANIFESTING IN BIZARRE BUT COMMON WAYS.

IN TENTH GRADE, JUDY MILROY, A TALL BEAUTY WAS WEARING A STUNNING MINISKIRT IN GEOMETRY CLASS... I MANAGED TO BRING MYSELF TO ORGASM BY LEERING AT HER THIGHS WHILE CRUSHING MY LOINS AGAINST MY DESK. IT WAS A MESS AND MY NEXT CLASS WAS GYM! AHHG!

THANKS
STEVE LAFLER
SAN FRANCISCO

DEAR ALINE,

SINCE MY ORIGINAL SUBMISSION TO WEIRDO SIX MONTHS AGO, I HAVE BECOME INVOLVED WITH THE "SMALL PRESS" REVOLUTION, AND THEREBY THE NETWORK OF MAIL CORRESPONDENTS IN THE USA + AROUND THE WORLD. I'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO THE WORK OF SCORES OF ARTISTS AND HAVE QUICKLY AMASSED A SIZEABLE COLLECTION OF "SMALL PRESS" PUBLICATIONS, INCLUDING TEXTZINES, COLLAGE 'ZINES, MINI-COMIX, "MAIL ART," DADA CHAIN LETTERS (YOU CUT UP THE CHAIN LETTER, ADD A LINE FROM THE NEWSPAPER, MAIL IT ON..) SUBGENII PUBS, COMPUTER-GENERATED ZINES, NEWSLETTERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RANT-RAGS, ROCK REVIEWS, PUNKTURE PRODUCTS, "MYSTERY MAIL," FANZINES FOR AFFICIONADOS OF EVERYTHING FROM BLIND ARTISTS TO DEF LEPARD, MAILING LISTS FOR SEXUAL DEVIATES, AND ON + ON... I GOT MY NOSE RUBBED IN THE WORK OF CARTOONISTS 10 TIMES BETTER THAN ME. I REALIZE NOW MY TRUE STATURE VIS A VIS THE CARTOONING WORLD AND I GROVELINGLY, SNIVELINGLY, APOLOGIZE FOR ALL MY CRUDE, NASTY COMMENTS. GOD I FEEL SO HORRIBLE. I CANNOT BELIEVE I ACTUALLY WROTE THOSE WORDS.. I AM GOING BACK TO WORK NOW, IN THE FAINT HOPE THAT SOMEDAY, SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD, I CAN HONESTLY CALL MYSELF A CARTOONIST RATHER THAN HACK FOOL. I PROMISE I WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN UNTIL I AM SURE I HAVE A PRODUCT WORTHY OF YOUR REVIEW. PLEASE FORGIVE ME, I BEG YOU!! PLEASE!! PLEASE!!

HUMBLY,
EDGAR "BOLT" UPRIGHT
CARRBORO, N.C.

P.S. AT LEAST I DRAW BETTER THAN BRUCE DUNCAN.

EDGAR, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.... YOU'RE MUCH BETTER AS A WISE ASS PUNK!! DON'T GET TOO HUMBLE!!

DEAR ALINE,

YEAH, SO I'M TAKING THIS AUTO CLASS THIS SUMMER. IT'S PRETTY BORING. THE INSTRUCTOR TALKS FOR 2 HRS. ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR, THEN WE GO IN THE SHOP + LOOK AT THE STUFF. DAMMIT, LET'S ROLL THE CARS IN THERE + TINKER ABOUT SOME. THE RATIONAL FOR TAKING THE CLASS WAS THAT IF SOMETHING IN THE CAR FUCKS UP, I'LL HAVE SOME IDEA WHAT TO DO, INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE LOOKING STUPID.

ALSO I BOUGHT A NEW WATCH + AS I WAS WALKING OUT OF THE STORE I WASN'T LOOKING WHERE I WAS GOING. I ALMOST KNOCKED OVER THIS BEAUTIFUL BLONDE GIRL. SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, THING WAS; SHE WAS ONLY 4 FT. TALL. SHE WAS NO TALLER THAN SOMEBODY'S KID. I DUNNO.. EXTREMELY SHORT WOMEN ALWAYS STRUCK ME AS KIND OF WEIRD.

ED JACKSON
MAYWOOD, IL

HARVEY SEZ
CONTINUED....

NICARAUGUAN MAVERICK GUERILLA LEADER EDEN PASTORA, TWENTY-EIGHT PEOPLE WERE INJURED AND EIGHT KILLED. CHRISTIC HAS FILED SUIT ON BEHALF OF INJURED JOURNALIST TONY AVIRGAN. CHRISTIC CLAIMS THAT THE C.I.A. WAS INVOLVED IN A CONSPIRACY TO KILL PASTORA, AND BEYOND THIS, THAT A "SECRET TEAM" OF RIGHT-WING C.I.A. PERSONNEL, MILITARY MEN, ANTI-CASTRO CUBANS, MERCENARIES, ETC. HAS BEEN WORKING FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, OFTEN WITH U.S. PRESIDENTS, TO WAGE SECRET WARS, TOPPLE GOVERNMENTS, AND TRAFFIC IN DRUGS AND ARMS.

IN OTHER WORDS, THE EXTRA-GOVERNMENTAL ORGANIZATION THAT OLIVER NORTH SAID FORMER C.I.A. DIRECTOR WILLIAM CASEY DISCUSSED SETING UP, EXISTS AND HAS EXISTED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OR SO. CHRISTIC HAS PLENTY OF EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THEIR CLAIMS AND WHEN THE AVIRGAN CASE IS TRIED THE AMERICAN PUBLIC MAY BE STARTLED BY THEIR REVELATIONS.

CHRISTIC HAS ASKED JOYCE TO EDIT A COMIC BOOK IN WHICH MATERIAL THEY'VE GATHERED WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC, AND SHE'S CURRENTLY AT WORK ON IT WITH SOME OF HER REAL WAR STORIES COLLABORATORS. WHAT A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO DEMONSTRATE WHAT CAN BE DONE IN COMICS!

YOUNG AMERICANS TODAY ARE PROBABLY AS LAME A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE AS ANY THAT'S EXISTED IN THIS NATION'S HISTORY; NAIVELY CYNICAL, IGNORANT, NON-POLITICAL. BUT WHO KNOWS, IF THINGS KEEP GOING DOWN HILL HERE, MAYBE SOME OF THEM OR THEIR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WILL REALIZE THAT THE ANSWER TO MANY OF OUR CURRENT PROBLEMS LIES IN POLITICAL ACTION. MAYBE THEY'LL BECOME ACTIVISTS, TRYING TO COMMUNICATE IDEAS AND INFORMATION. IF THIS HAPPENS I SUGGEST THEY USE COMICS TO DO SO.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, crusty flakes, coagulated globs of grease, dead insects, face it, Chuck, you're just a slob....probably don't ACT right in social situations either. You're a pathetic LOSER. You need plenty of...

BACK ISSUES of WEIRDO

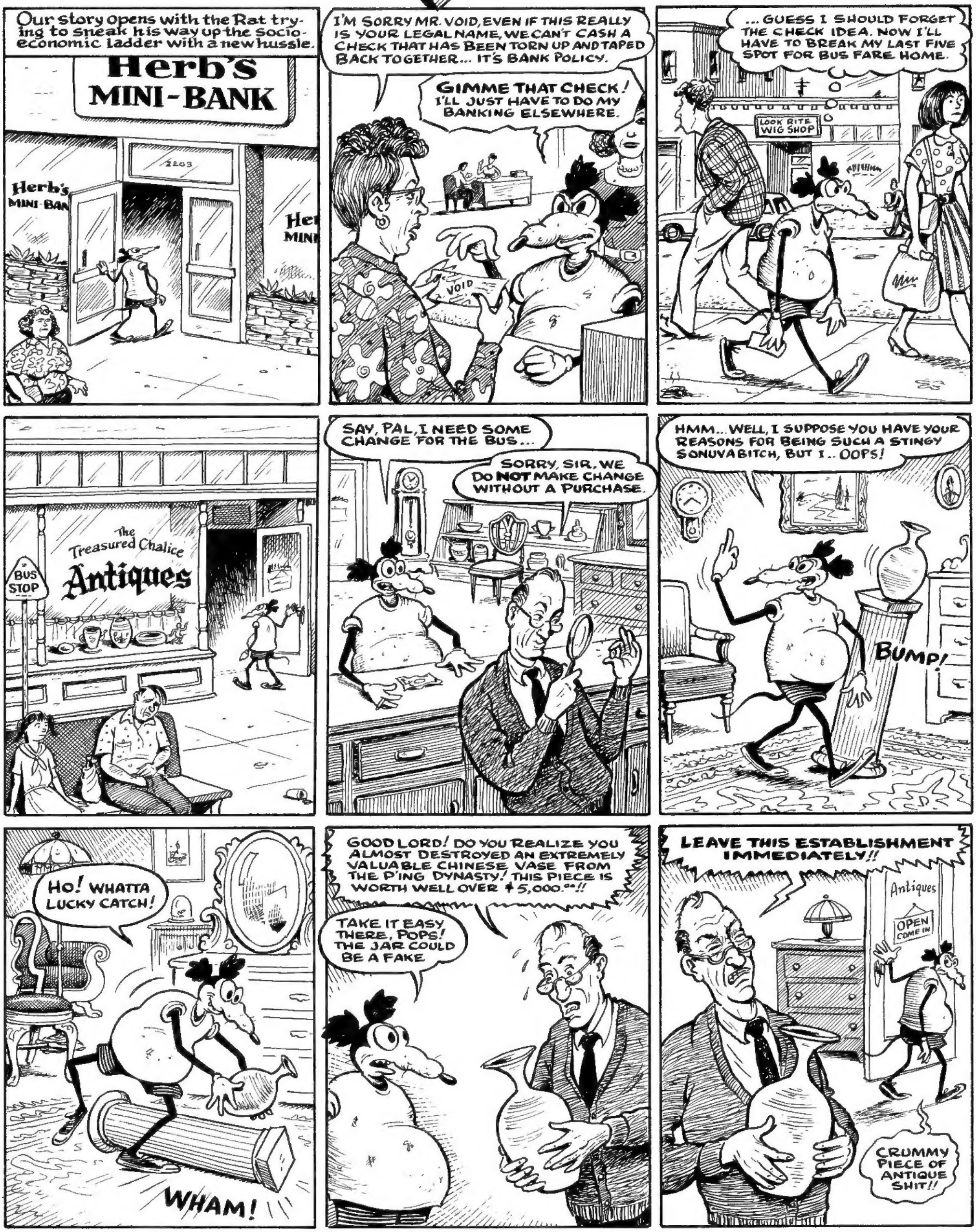
to console you on those lonely nights sitting at home in your filthy slob-pit room, just you and your stink and a stack of WEIRDOS. Great entertainment BY outcasts, FOR outcasts!! SEND TODAY!

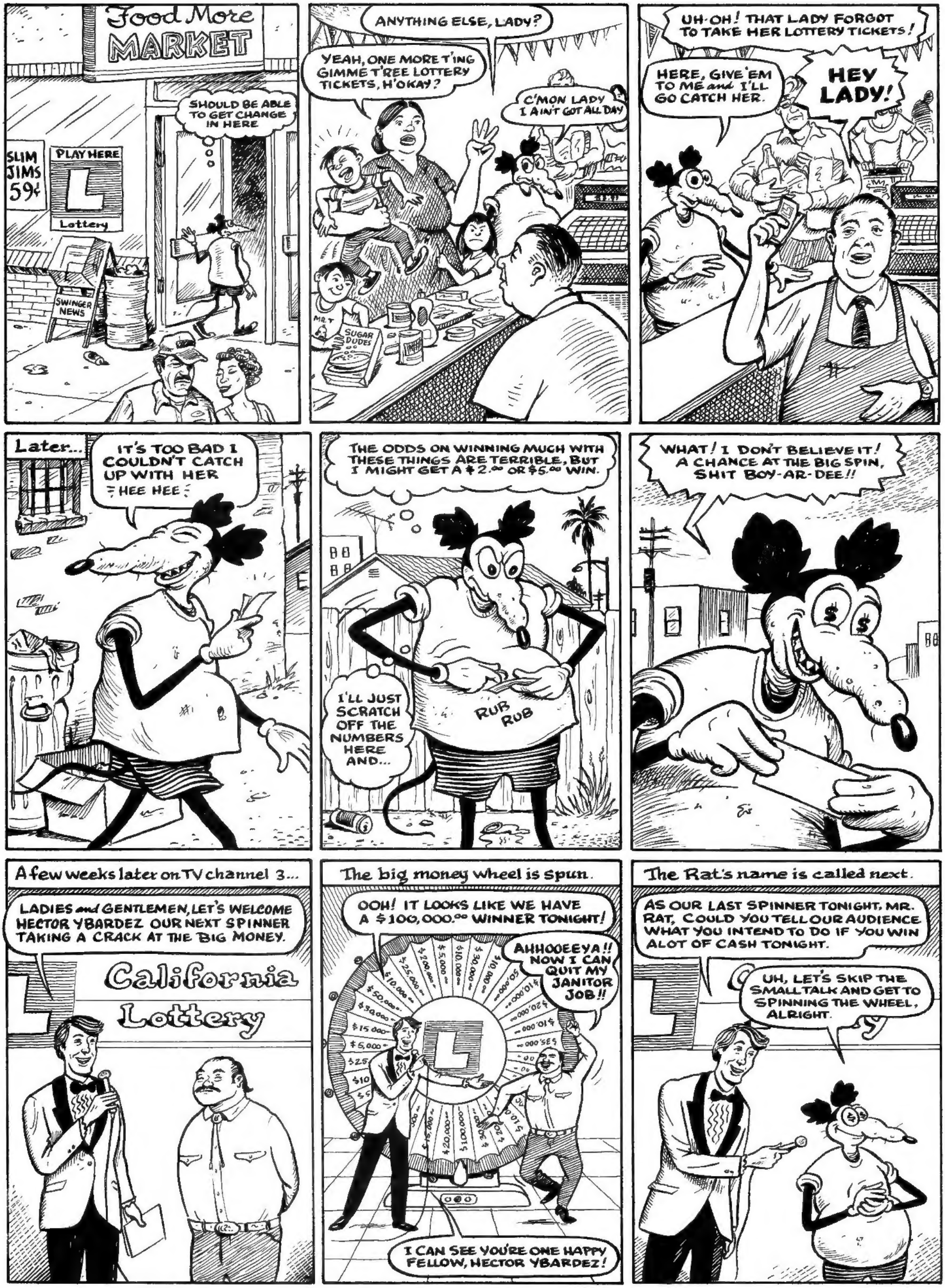
WEIRDO #1 TO 27 ARE $3.95 ea.
WEIRDO #28 IS $4.95

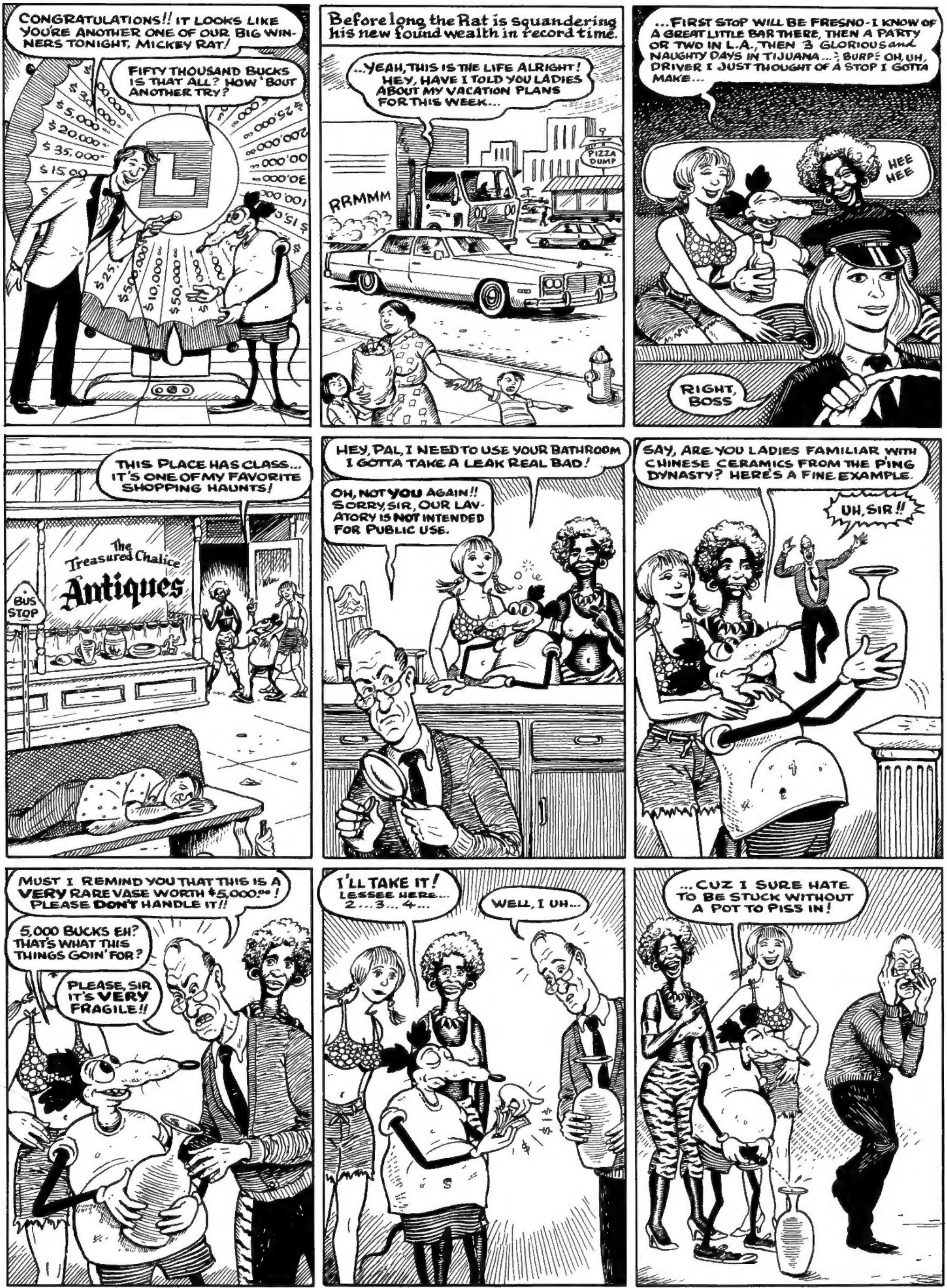
LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST
SAN FRANCISCO
CA: F 94110

Mickey Rat

PISSING IT ALL AWAY


Our story opens with the Rat trying to sneak his way up the socio-economic ladder with a new hussle.
Herb's MINI-BANK
2203
Herb's MINI-BAN
Her MINI
I'M SORRY MR. VOID, EVEN IF THIS REALLY IS YOUR LEGAL NAME, WE CAN'T CASH A CHECK THAT HAS BEEN TORN UP AND TAPED BACK TOGETHER... IT'S BANK POLICY.
GIMME THAT CHECK! I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO MY BANKING ELSEWHERE.
VOID
... GUESS I SHOULD FORGET THE CHECK IDEA. NOW I'LL HAVE TO BREAK MY LAST FIVE SPOT FOR BUS FARE HOME.
LOOK RITE WIG SHOP
BUS STOP
The Treasured Chalice Antiques
SAY, PAL, I NEED SOME CHANGE FOR THE BUS...
SORRY, SIR, WE DO NOT MAKE CHANGE WITHOUT A PURCHASE.
HMM... WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS FOR BEING SUCH A STINGY SONUVA BITCH, BUT I.. OOPS!
BUMP!
HO! WHATTA LUCKY CATCH!
WHAM!
GOOD LORD! DO YOU REALIZE YOU ALMOST DESTROYED AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE CHINESE VASE FROM THE P'ING DYNASTY! THIS PIECE IS WORTH WELL OVER $5,000.00!!
TAKE IT EASY THERE, POPS! THE JAR COULD BE A FAKE
LEAVE THIS ESTABLISHMENT IMMEDIATELY!!
Antiques
OPEN COME IN
CRUMMY PIECE OF ANTIQUE SHIT!!


Food More MARKET
SLIM JIMS 59¢
PLAY HERE L Lottery
SWINGER NEWS
SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET CHANGE IN HERE
ANYTHING ELSE, LADY?
YEAH, ONE MORE T'ING GIMME T'REE LOTTERY TICKETS, H'OKAY?
C'MON LADY I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY
SUGAR DUDES
MR. T
UH-OH! THAT LADY FORGOT TO TAKE HER LOTTERY TICKETS!
HERE, GIVE 'EM TO ME and I'LL GO CATCH HER.
HEY LADY!
Later...
IT'S TOO BAD I COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH HER
HEE HEE
THE ODDS ON WINNING MUCH WITH THESE THINGS ARE TERRIBLE, BUT I MIGHT GET A $2.00 OR $5.00 WIN.
I'LL JUST SCRATCH OFF THE NUMBERS HERE AND...
RUB RUB
WHAT! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! A CHANCE AT THE BIG SPIN, SHIT BOY-AR-DEE!!
A few weeks later on TV channel 3...
LADIES and GENTLEMEN, LET'S WELCOME HECTOR YBARDEZ OUR NEXT SPINNER TAKING A CRACK AT THE BIG MONEY.
California Lottery
The big money wheel is spun.
OOH! IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A $100,000.00 WINNER TONIGHT!
AHHOOEEYA!! NOW I CAN QUIT MY JANITOR JOB!!
I CAN SEE YOU'RE ONE HAPPY FELLOW, HECTOR YBARDEZ!
The Rat's name is called next.
AS OUR LAST SPINNER TONIGHT, MR. RAT, COULD YOU TELL OUR AUDIENCE WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO IF YOU WIN ALOT OF CASH TONIGHT.
UH, LET'S SKIP THE SMALLTALK AND GET TO SPINNING THE WHEEL, ALRIGHT.


CONGRATULATIONS!! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ANOTHER ONE OF OUR BIG WINNERS TONIGHT, MICKEY RAT!
FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS IS THAT ALL? HOW 'BOUT ANOTHER TRY?
$5,000.00
$20,000.00
$35,000.00
$10,000
$50,000
Before long the Rat is squandering his new found wealth in record time.
...YEAH, THIS IS THE LIFE ALRIGHT! HEY, HAVE I TOLD YOU LADIES ABOUT MY VACATION PLANS FOR THIS WEEK...
RRMMM
PIZZA DUMP
...FIRST STOP WILL BE FRESNO - I KNOW OF A GREAT LITTLE BAR THERE, THEN A PARTY OR TWO IN L.A., THEN 3 GLORIOUS and NAUGHTY DAYS IN TIJUANA... ~BURP~ OH, UH, DRIVER I JUST THOUGHT OF A STOP I GOTTA MAKE...
HEE HEE
RIGHT, BOSS
THIS PLACE HAS CLASS... IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE SHOPPING HAUNTS!
The Treasured Chalice Antiques
BUS STOP
HEY, PAL, I NEED TO USE YOUR BATHROOM I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK REAL BAD!
OH, NOT YOU AGAIN!! SORRY, SIR, OUR LAVATORY IS NOT INTENDED FOR PUBLIC USE.
SAY, ARE YOU LADIES FAMILIAR WITH CHINESE CERAMICS FROM THE PING DYNASTY? HERE'S A FINE EXAMPLE.
UH, SIR!!
MUST I REMIND YOU THAT THIS IS A VERY RARE VASE WORTH $5,000.00! PLEASE DON'T HANDLE IT!!
5,000 BUCKS EH? THAT'S WHAT THIS THINGS GOIN' FOR?
PLEASE, SIR IT'S VERY FRAGILE!!
I'LL TAKE IT! LESSEE HERE... 2...3...4...
WELL, I UH...
...CUZ I SURE HATE TO BE STUCK WITHOUT A POT TO PISS IN!

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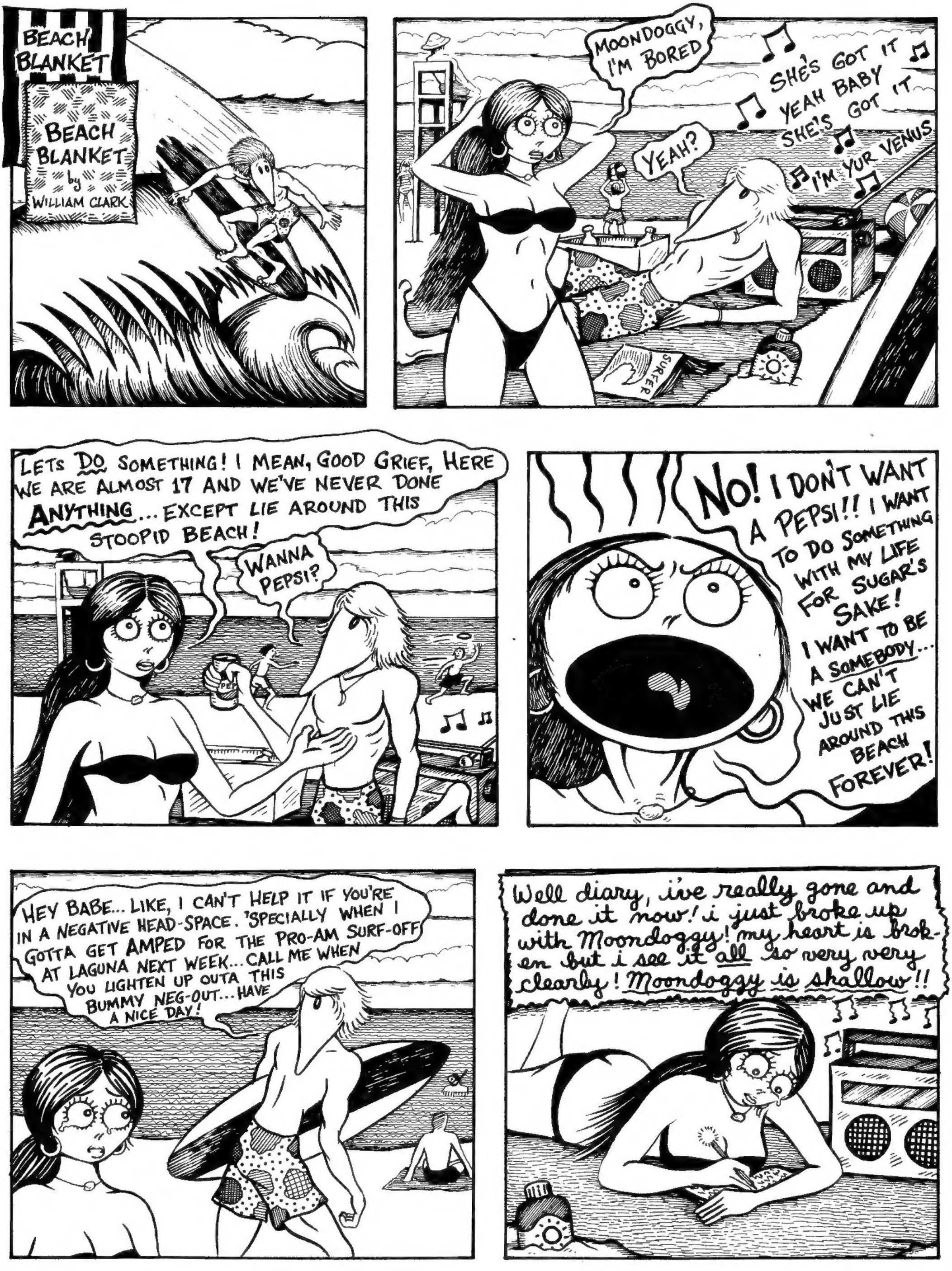
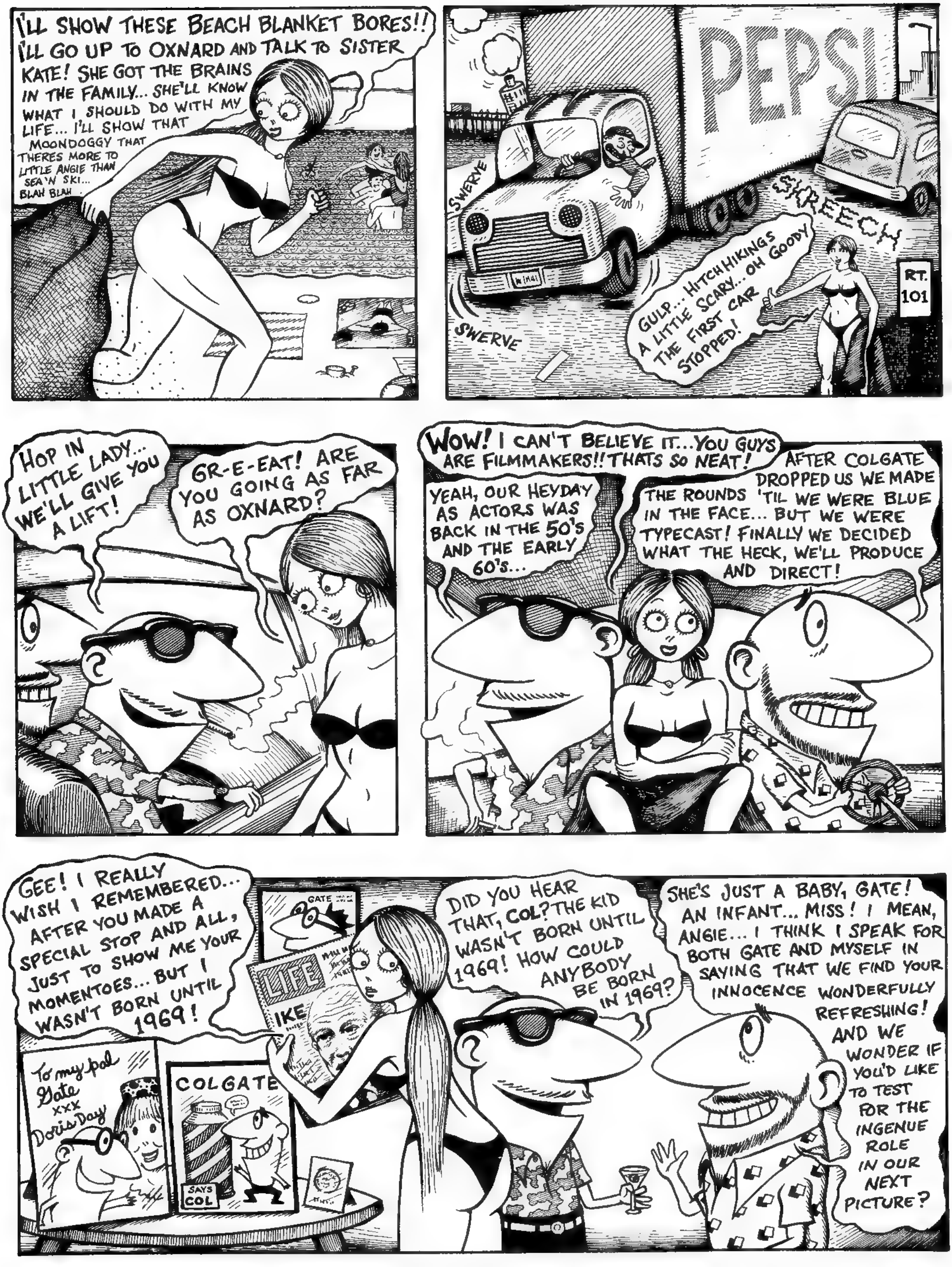
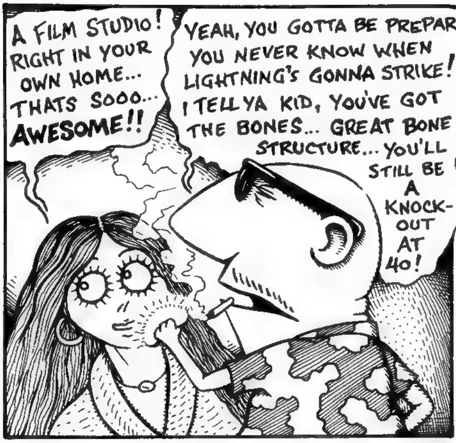
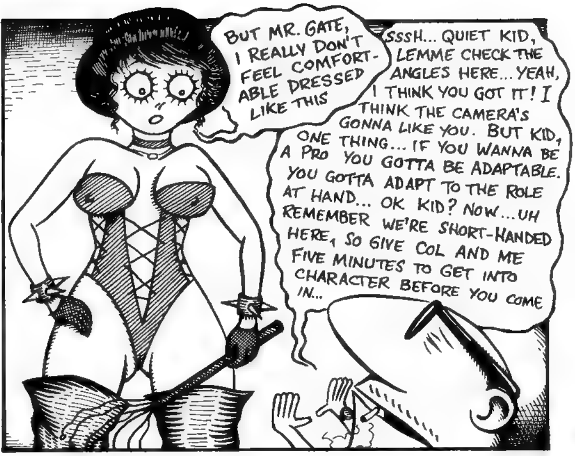
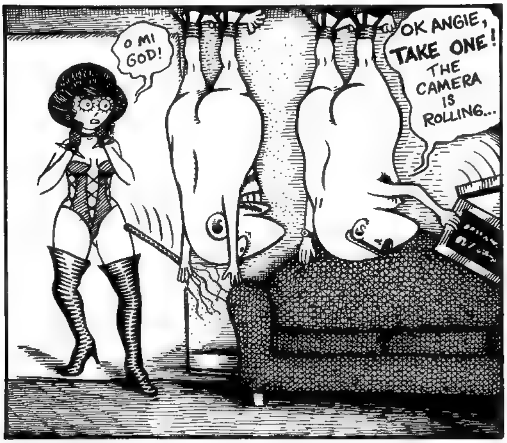
END

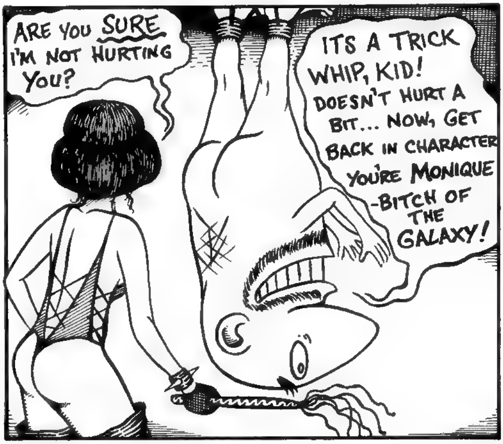

BEACH BLANKET
BEACH BLANKET by WILLIAM CLARK
MOONDOGGY, I'M BORED
YEAH?
SHE'S GOT IT YEAH BABY SHE'S GOT IT SHE'S GOT IT I'M YUR VENUS
SURFER
LETS DO SOMETHING! I MEAN, GOOD GRIEF, HERE WE ARE ALMOST 17 AND WE'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING... EXCEPT LIE AROUND THIS STOOPID BEACH!
WANNA PEPSI?
PEP
NO! I DON'T WANT A PEPSI!! I WANT TO DO SOMETHING WITH MY LIFE FOR SUGAR'S SAKE! I WANT TO BE A SOMEBODY... WE CAN'T JUST LIE AROUND THIS BEACH FOREVER!
HEY BABE... LIKE, I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE IN A NEGATIVE HEAD-SPACE. 'SPECIALLY WHEN I GOTTA GET AMPED FOR THE PRO-AM SURF-OFF AT LAGUNA NEXT WEEK... CALL ME WHEN YOU LIGHTEN UP OUTA THIS BUMMY NEG-OUT... HAVE A NICE DAY!
Well diary, i've really gone and done it now! i just broke up with Moondoggy! my heart is broken but i see it all so very very clearly! Moondoggy is shallow!!

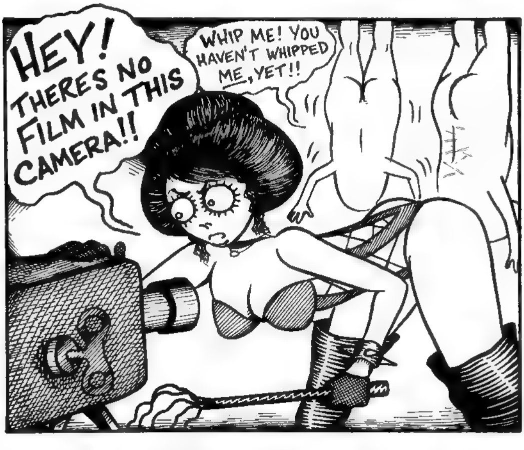

I'LL SHOW THESE BEACH BLANKET BORES!! I'LL GO UP TO OXNARD AND TALK TO SISTER KATE! SHE GOT THE BRAINS IN THE FAMILY... SHE'LL KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH MY LIFE... I'LL SHOW THAT MOONDOGGY THAT THERES MORE TO LITTLE ANGIE THAN SEA 'N SKI... BLAH BLAH...
PEPSI
SWERVE
SWERVE
SKREECH
RT. 101
GULP... HITCHHIKINGS A LITTLE SCARY... OH GOODY THE FIRST CAR STOPPED!
HOP IN LITTLE LADY... WE'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT!
GR-E-EAT! ARE YOU GOING AS FAR AS OXNARD?
WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... YOU GUYS ARE FILMMAKERS!! THATS SO NEAT!
YEAH, OUR HEYDAY AS ACTORS WAS BACK IN THE 50'S AND THE EARLY 60'S...
AFTER COLGATE DROPPED US WE MADE THE ROUNDS 'TIL WE WERE BLUE IN THE FACE... BUT WE WERE TYPECAST! FINALLY WE DECIDED WHAT THE HECK, WE'LL PRODUCE AND DIRECT!
GEE! I REALLY WISH I REMEMBERED... AFTER YOU MADE A SPECIAL STOP AND ALL, JUST TO SHOW ME YOUR MOMENTOES... BUT I WASN'T BORN UNTIL 1969!
GATE
LIFE
IKE
To my pal Gate xxx Doris Day
COLGATE
SAYS COL
DID YOU HEAR THAT, COL? THE KID WASN'T BORN UNTIL 1969! HOW COULD ANYBODY BE BORN IN 1969?
SHE'S JUST A BABY, GATE! AN INFANT... MISS! I MEAN, ANGIE... I THINK I SPEAK FOR BOTH GATE AND MYSELF IN SAYING THAT WE FIND YOUR INNOCENCE WONDERFULLY REFRESHING! AND WE WONDER IF YOU'D LIKE TO TEST FOR THE INGENUE ROLE IN OUR NEXT PICTURE?

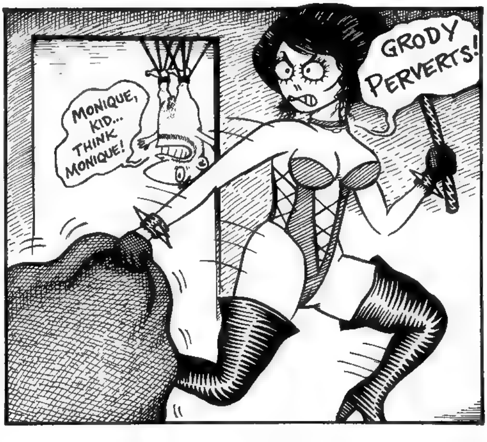

A FILM STUDIO! RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME... THATS SOOO... AWESOME!!
YEAH, YOU GOTTA BE PREPARED YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN LIGHTNING'S GONNA STRIKE! I TELLYA KID, YOU'VE GOT THE BONES... GREAT BONE STRUCTURE... YOU'LL STILL BE A KNOCKOUT AT 40!

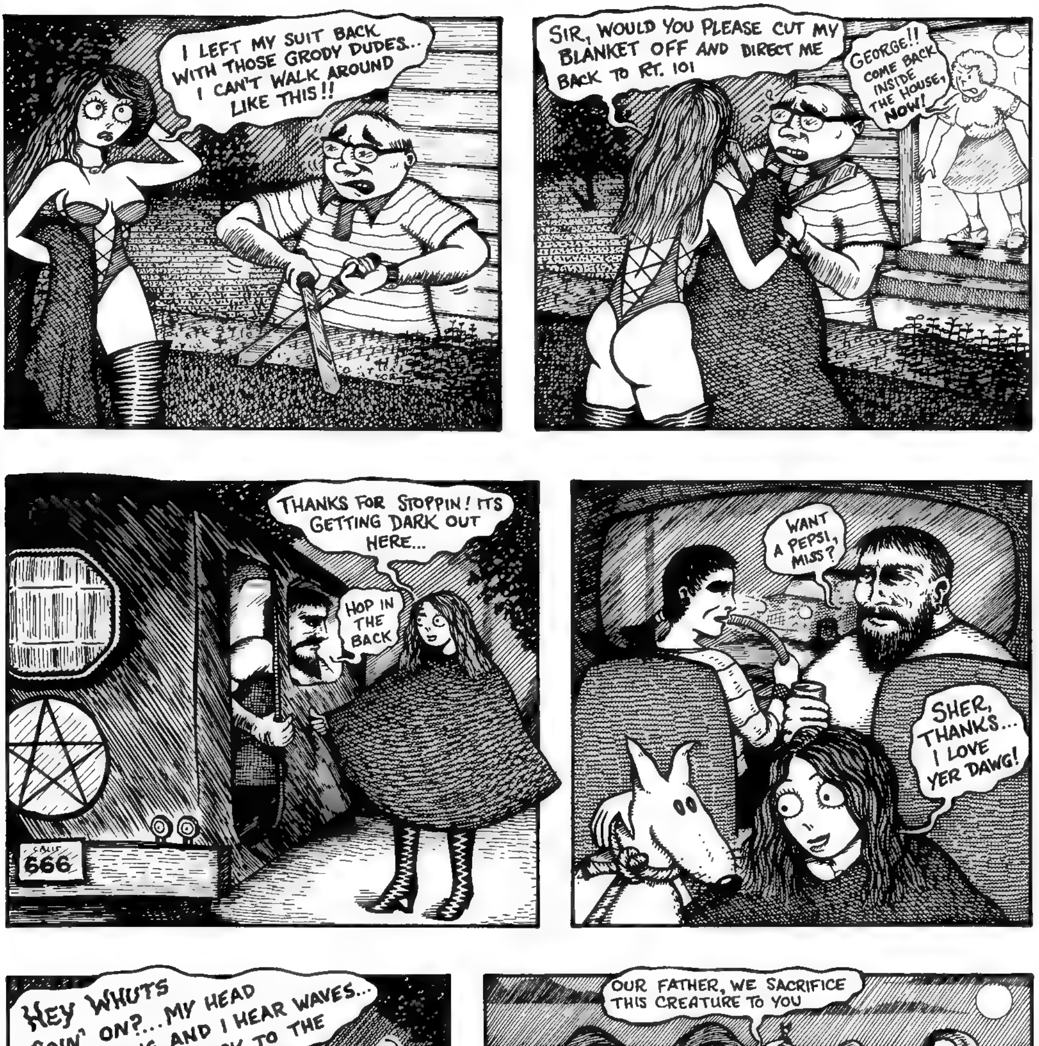

BUT MR. GATE, I REALLY DON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE DRESSED LIKE THIS
SSSH... QUIET KID, LEMME CHECK THE ANGLES HERE... YEAH, I THINK YOU GOT IT! I THINK THE CAMERA'S GONNA LIKE YOU. BUT KID, ONE THING... IF YOU WANNA BE A PRO YOU GOTTA BE ADAPTABLE. YOU GOTTA ADAPT TO THE ROLE AT HAND... OK KID? NOW...UH REMEMBER WE'RE SHORT-HANDED HERE, SO GIVE COL AND ME FIVE MINUTES TO GET INTO CHARACTER BEFORE YOU COME IN...

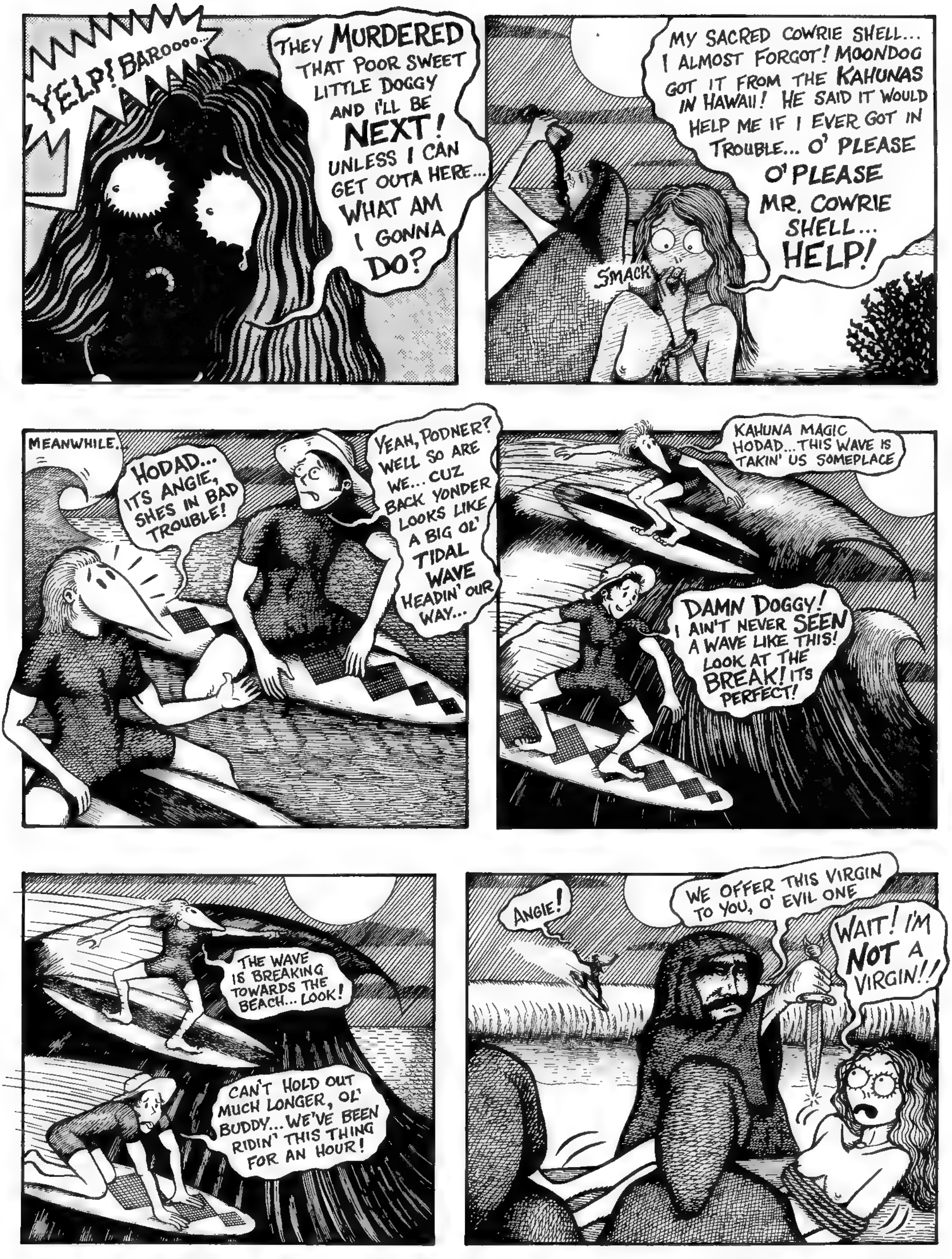

O MI GOD!
OK ANGIE, TAKE ONE! THE CAMERA IS ROLLING...

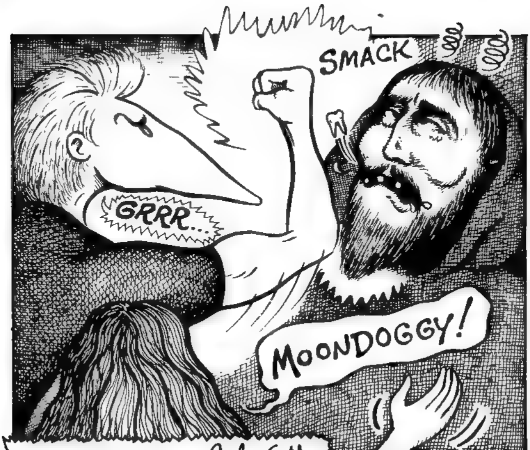

ARE YOU SURE I'M NOT HURTING YOU?
ITS A TRICK WHIP, KID! DOESN'T HURT A BIT... NOW, GET BACK IN CHARACTER YOU'RE MONIQUE -BITCH OF THE GALAXY!

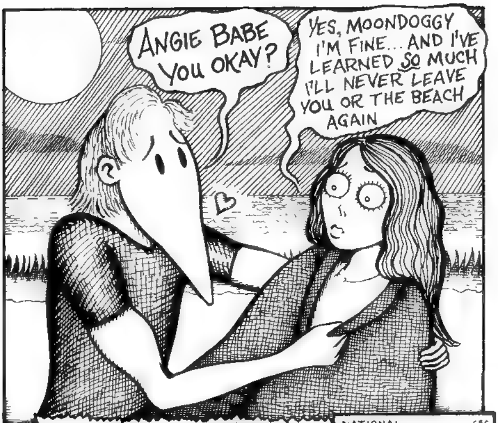

HEY! THERES NO FILM IN THIS CAMERA!!
WHIP ME! YOU HAVEN'T WHIPPED ME, YET!!


GRODY PERVERTS!
MONIQUE, KID... THINK MONIQUE!


I LEFT MY SUIT BACK WITH THOSE GRODY DUDES... I CAN'T WALK AROUND LIKE THIS!!
SIR, WOULD YOU PLEASE CUT MY BLANKET OFF AND DIRECT ME BACK TO RT. 101
GEORGE!! COME BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE, NOW!
THANKS FOR STOPPIN! ITS GETTING DARK OUT HERE...
HOP IN THE BACK
CALIF
666
WANT A PEPSI, MISS?
SHER, THANKS... I LOVE YER DAWG!
HEY WHUTS GOIN' ON?... MY HEAD IS POUNDING AND I HEAR WAVES... HOW'D I GET BACK TO THE BEACH?
OUR FATHER, WE SACRIFICE THIS CREATURE TO YOU
No!

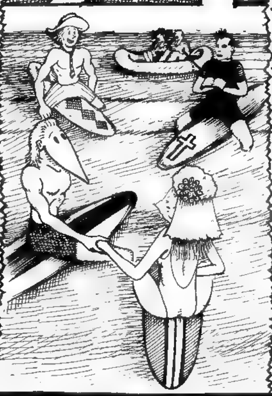

YELP! BAROooo...
THEY MURDERED THAT POOR SWEET LITTLE DOGGY AND I'LL BE NEXT! UNLESS I CAN GET OUTA HERE... WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
MY SACRED COWRIE SHELL... I ALMOST FORGOT! MOONDOG GOT IT FROM THE KAHUNAS IN HAWAII! HE SAID IT WOULD HELP ME IF I EVER GOT IN TROUBLE... O' PLEASE O' PLEASE MR. COWRIE SHELL... HELP!
SMACK
MEANWHILE...
HODAD... ITS ANGIE, SHES IN BAD TROUBLE!
YEAH, PODNER? WELL SO ARE WE... CUZ BACK YONDER LOOKS LIKE A BIG OL' TIDAL WAVE HEADIN' OUR WAY...
KAHUNA MAGIC HODAD... THIS WAVE IS TAKIN' US SOMEPLACE
DAMN DOGGY! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A WAVE LIKE THIS! LOOK AT THE BREAK! ITS PERFECT!
THE WAVE IS BREAKING TOWARDS THE BEACH... LOOK!
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, OL' BUDDY... WE'VE BEEN RIDIN' THIS THING FOR AN HOUR!
ANGIE!
WE OFFER THIS VIRGIN TO YOU, O' EVIL ONE
WAIT! I'M NOT A VIRGIN!!

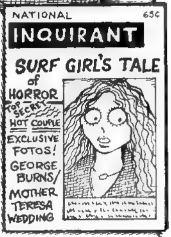

SMACK
GRRR...
MOONDOGGY!

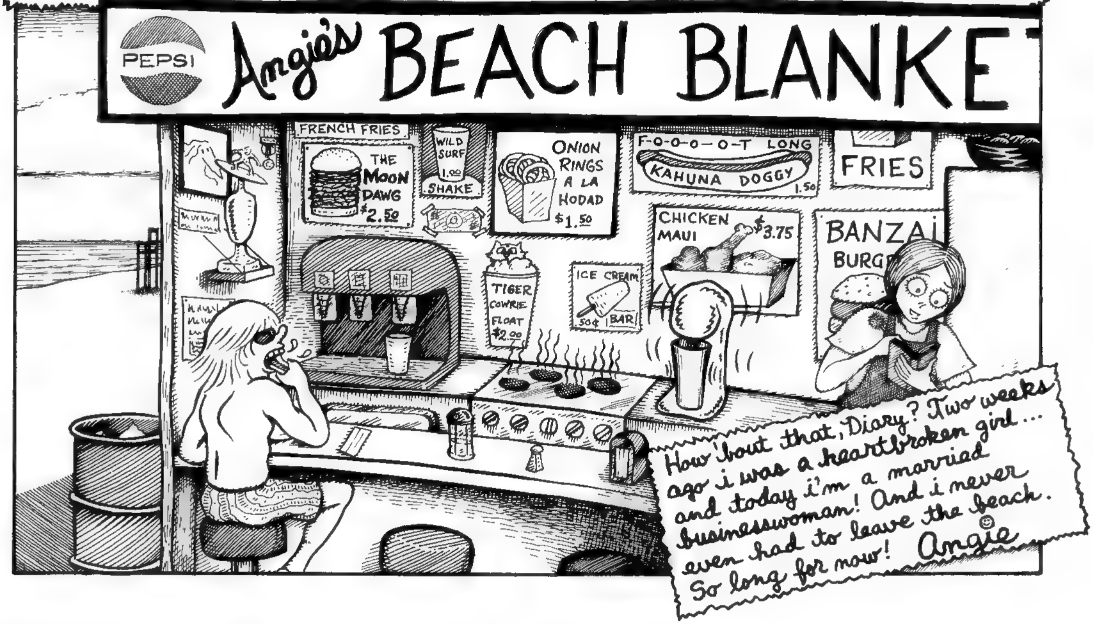

ANGIE BABE YOU OKAY?
YES, MOONDOGGY I'M FINE... AND I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU OR THE BEACH AGAIN

Dear Diary *July 6th.*

First of all, please forgive me for neglecting you! I know i haven't written for two weeks, but what a two weeks it was! You see, diary, Moondoggy and i got ♡married♡!!! Yes diary, i am now Mrs. Donald R. Lunacano, thank you! We were married (June 20th the happiest day of my life) by Gary Niven, the surfing preacher, in a double ring ceremony right off of Huntington pier! I wore a white one-piece suit by Speedo and Gran'ma's veil. Hodaddy was our best man and Sister Kate was our matron of honor. Mom and Dad watched from a dinghy. After our honeymoon at Waimea Bay, Makaha beach and the Banzai Pipeline (Donald was in 7th. Heaven) we returned to our old beach where i opened "the Beach Blanket" using the check i got from the Nat'l. Inquirant and the money that Dad and Donald talked Col and Gate into investing.



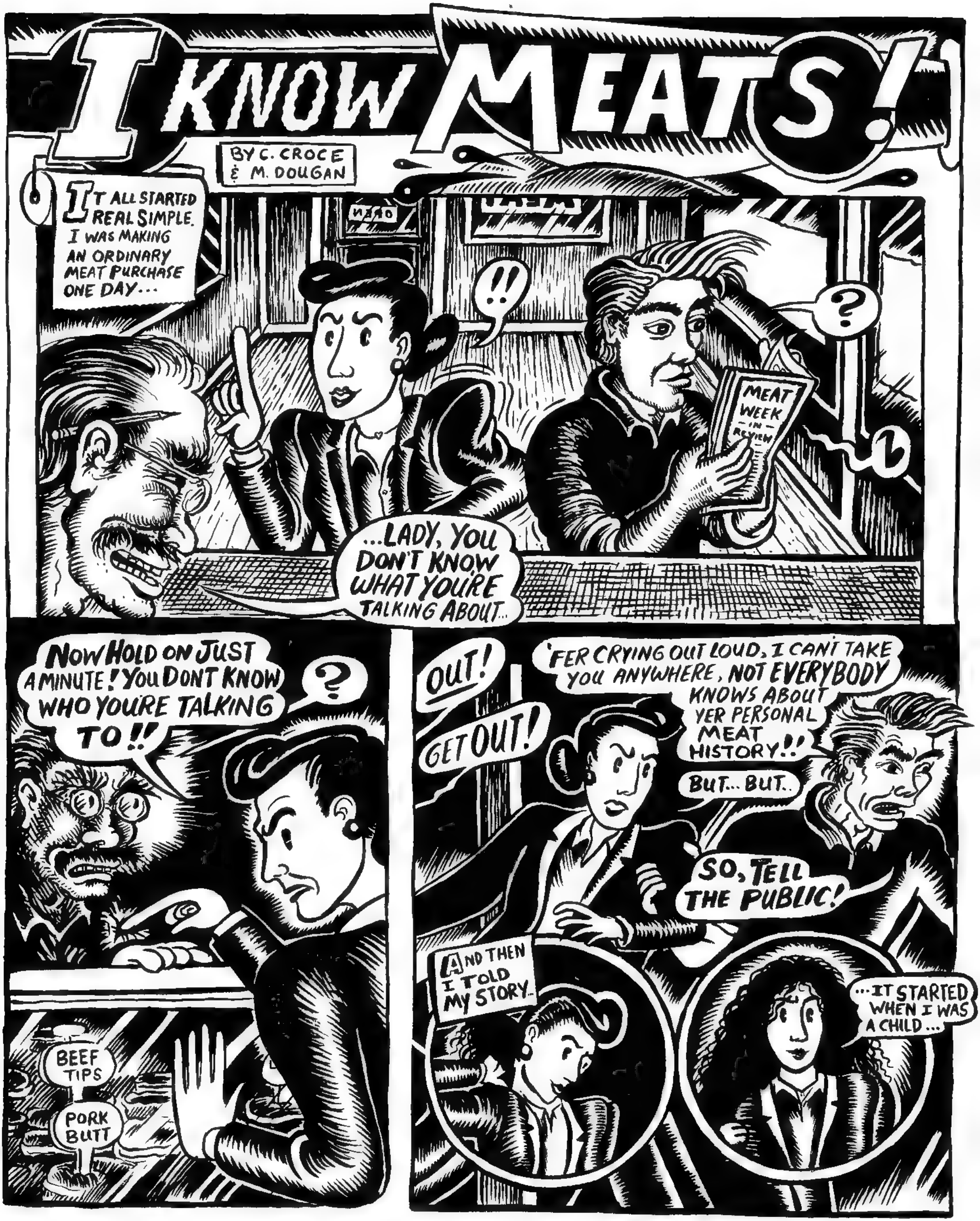

NATIONAL
65¢
INQUIRANT
SURF GIRL'S TALE of HORROR
TOP SECRETS
HOT COUPLE
EXCLUSIVE FOTOS!
GEORGE BURNS/ MOTHER TERESA WEDDING

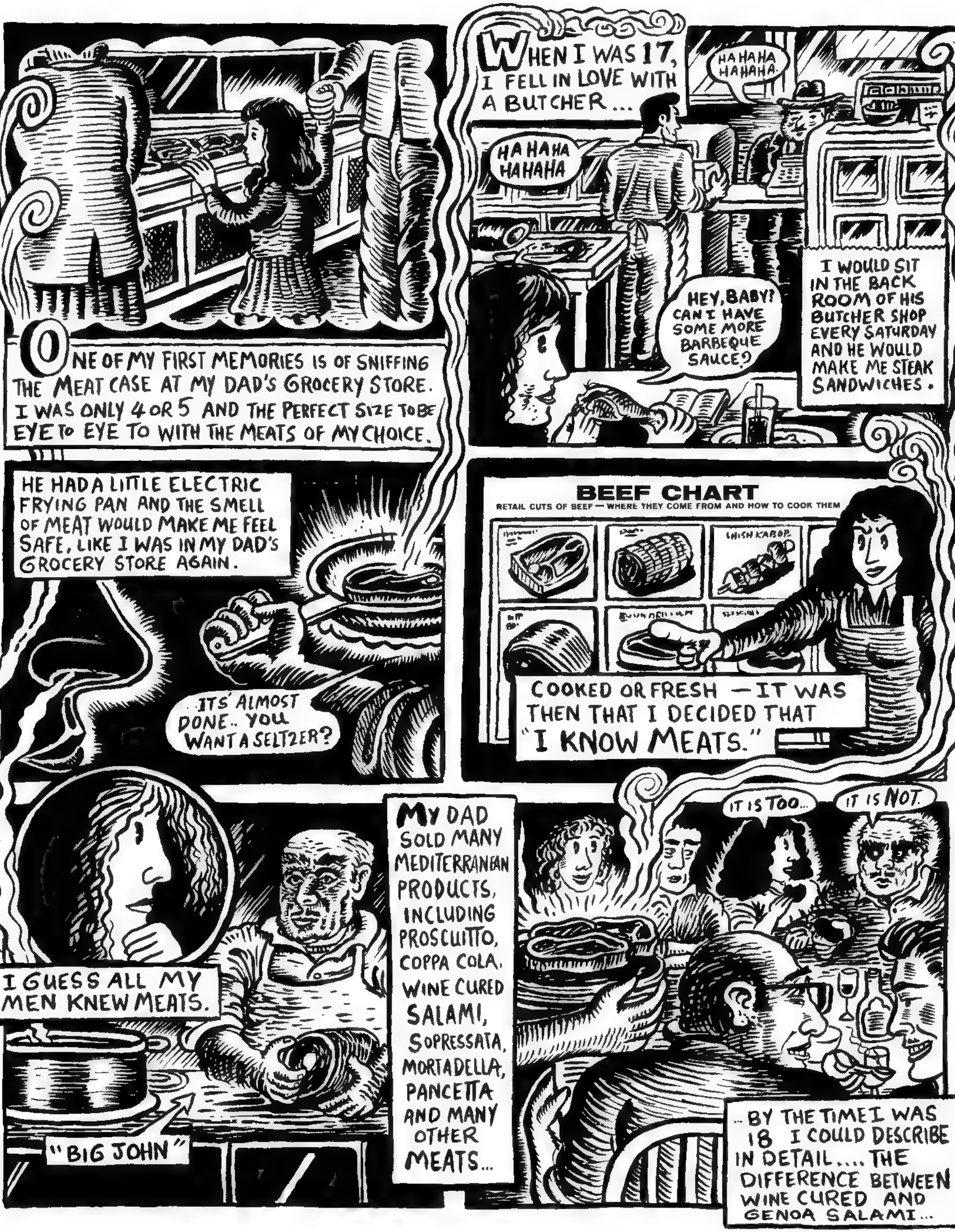

PEPSI
Angie's BEACH BLANKE
FRENCH FRIES
THE MOON DAWG $2.50
WILD SURF 1.00 SHAKE
ONION RINGS A LA HODAD $1.50
F-O-O-O-O-T LONG KAHUNA DOGGY 1.50
FRIES
CHICKEN MAUI $3.75
BANZAI BURG
ICE CREAM 50¢ BAR
TIGER COWRIE FLOAT $2.00

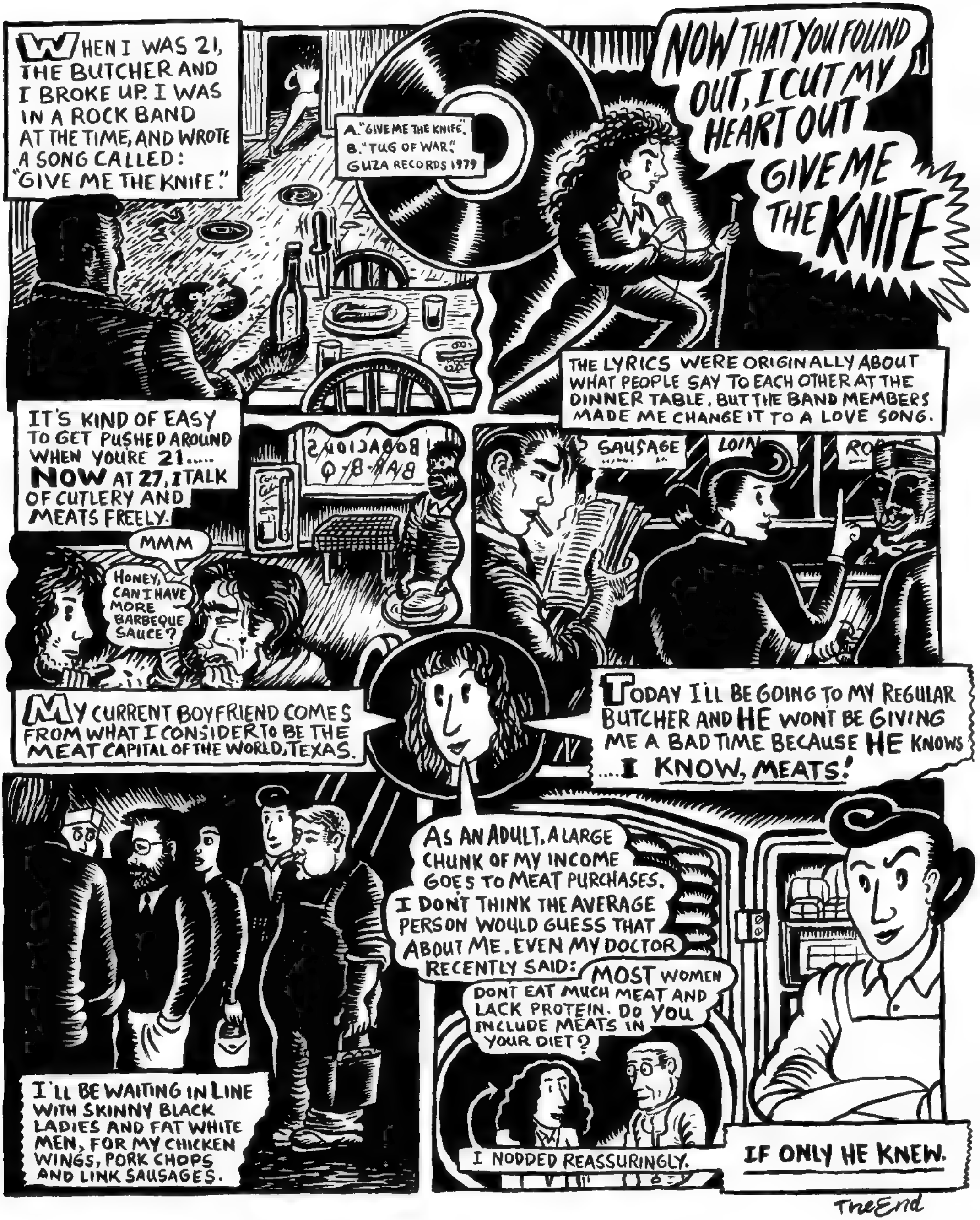
How 'bout that, Diary? Two weeks ago i was a heartbroken girl... and today i'm a married businesswoman! And i never even had to leave the beach. So long for now! Angie ☺

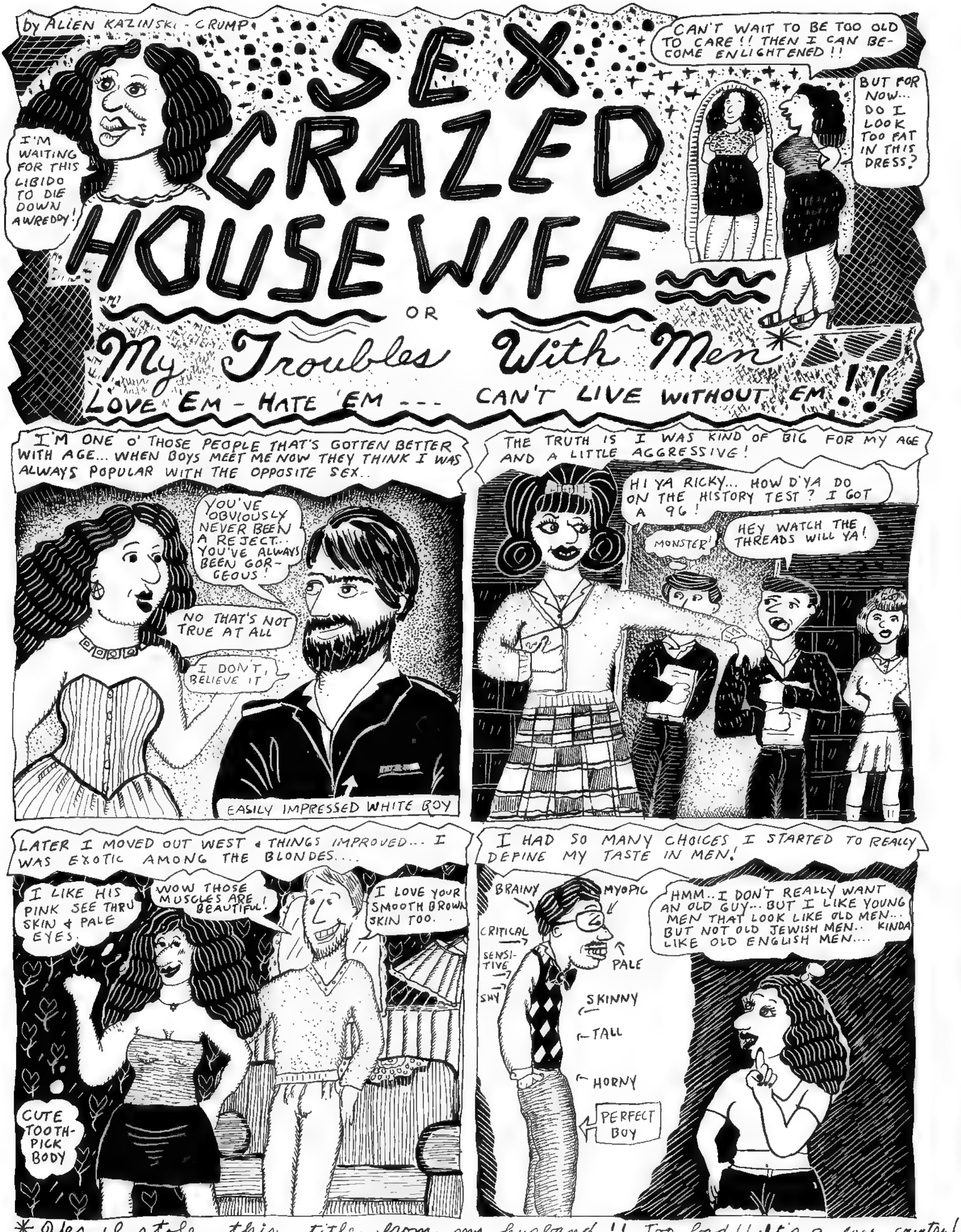
I KNOW MEATS!

BY C. CROCE & M. DOUGAN

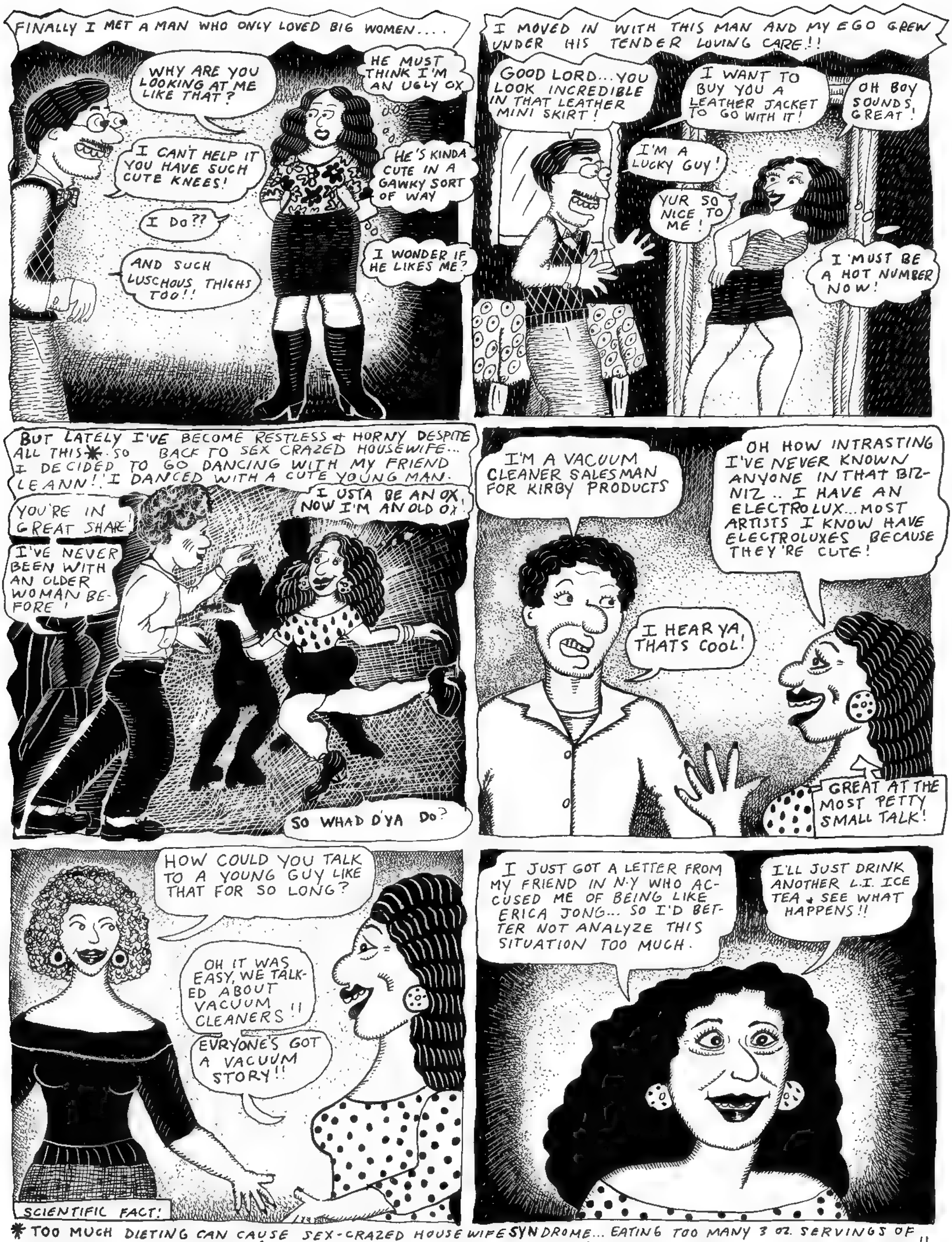

IT ALL STARTED REAL SIMPLE. I WAS MAKING AN ORDINARY MEAT PURCHASE ONE DAY...
!!
?
MEAT WEEK IN REVIEW
...LADY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...
NOW HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE! YOU DONT KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO!!
?
BEEF TIPS
PORK BUTT
OUT!
GET OUT!
'FER CRYING OUT LOUD, I CAN'T TAKE YOU ANYWHERE, NOT EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT YER PERSONAL MEAT HISTORY!!
BUT... BUT..
SO, TELL THE PUBLIC!
AND THEN I TOLD MY STORY..
...IT STARTED WHEN I WAS A CHILD...


ONE OF MY FIRST MEMORIES IS OF SNIFFING THE MEAT CASE AT MY DAD'S GROCERY STORE. I WAS ONLY 4 OR 5 AND THE PERFECT SIZE TO BE EYE TO EYE TO WITH THE MEATS OF MY CHOICE.
WHEN I WAS 17, I FELL IN LOVE WITH A BUTCHER...
HA HA HA HAHAHA.
HA HA HA HAHAHA
HEY, BABY? CAN I HAVE SOME MORE BARBEQUE SAUCE?
I WOULD SIT IN THE BACK ROOM OF HIS BUTCHER SHOP EVERY SATURDAY AND HE WOULD MAKE ME STEAK SANDWICHES.
HE HAD A LITTLE ELECTRIC FRYING PAN AND THE SMELL OF MEAT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL SAFE, LIKE I WAS IN MY DAD'S GROCERY STORE AGAIN.
..IT'S ALMOST DONE.. YOU WANT A SELTZER?
BEEF CHART
RETAIL CUTS OF BEEF — WHERE THEY COME FROM AND HOW TO COOK THEM
SHISH KABOB
COOKED OR FRESH — IT WAS THEN THAT I DECIDED THAT "I KNOW MEATS."
I GUESS ALL MY MEN KNEW MEATS.
"BIG JOHN"
MY DAD SOLD MANY MEDITERRANEAN PRODUCTS, INCLUDING PROSCUITTO, COPPA COLA, WINE CURED SALAMI, SOPRESSATA, MORTADELLA, PANCETTA AND MANY OTHER MEATS...
IT IS TOO...
IT IS NOT.
...BY THE TIME I WAS 18 I COULD DESCRIBE IN DETAIL.... THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WINE CURED AND GENOA SALAMI...

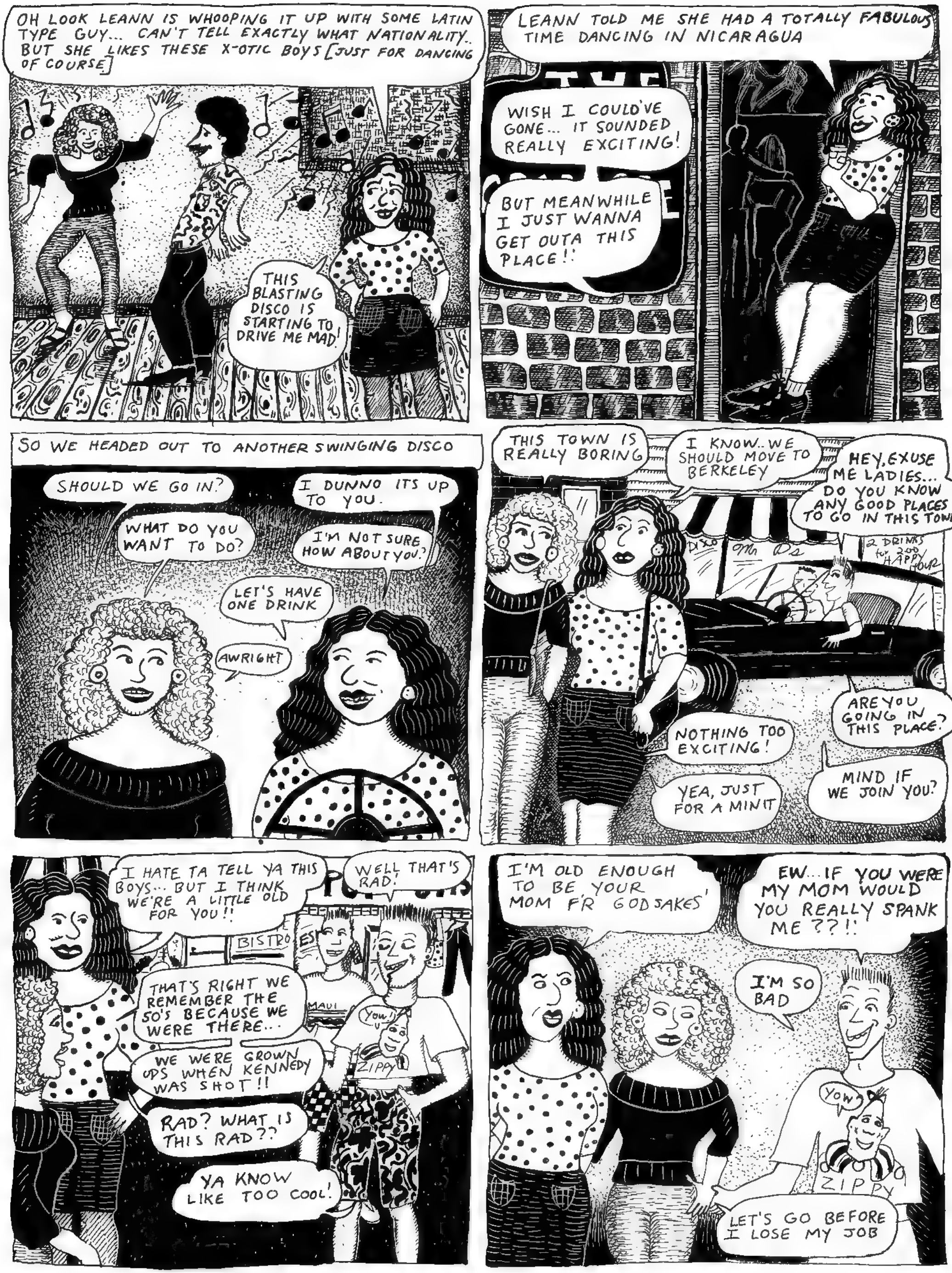

WHEN I WAS 21, THE BUTCHER AND I BROKE UP. I WAS IN A ROCK BAND AT THE TIME, AND WROTE A SONG CALLED: "GIVE ME THE KNIFE."
A. "GIVE ME THE KNIFE."
B. "TUG OF WAR."
GUZA RECORDS 1979
NOW THAT YOU FOUND OUT, I CUT MY HEART OUT
GIVE ME THE KNIFE
THE LYRICS WERE ORIGINALLY ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE SAY TO EACH OTHER AT THE DINNER TABLE. BUT THE BAND MEMBERS MADE ME CHANGE IT TO A LOVE SONG.
IT'S KIND OF EASY TO GET PUSHED AROUND WHEN YOU'RE 21..... NOW AT 27, I TALK OF CUTLERY AND MEATS FREELY.
BOBACIOUS BAR-B-Q
MMM
HONEY, CAN I HAVE MORE BARBEQUE SAUCE?
SAUSAGE
LOIN
RO
MY CURRENT BOYFRIEND COMES FROM WHAT I CONSIDER TO BE THE MEAT CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, TEXAS.
TODAY I'LL BE GOING TO MY REGULAR BUTCHER AND HE WON'T BE GIVING ME A BAD TIME BECAUSE HE KNOWS ....I KNOW, MEATS!
I'LL BE WAITING IN LINE WITH SKINNY BLACK LADIES AND FAT WHITE MEN, FOR MY CHICKEN WINGS, PORK CHOPS AND LINK SAUSAGES.
AS AN ADULT, A LARGE CHUNK OF MY INCOME GOES TO MEAT PURCHASES. I DON'T THINK THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD GUESS THAT ABOUT ME. EVEN MY DOCTOR RECENTLY SAID:
MOST WOMEN DON'T EAT MUCH MEAT AND LACK PROTEIN. DO YOU INCLUDE MEATS IN YOUR DIET?
I NODDED REASSURINGLY.
IF ONLY HE KNEW.
The End

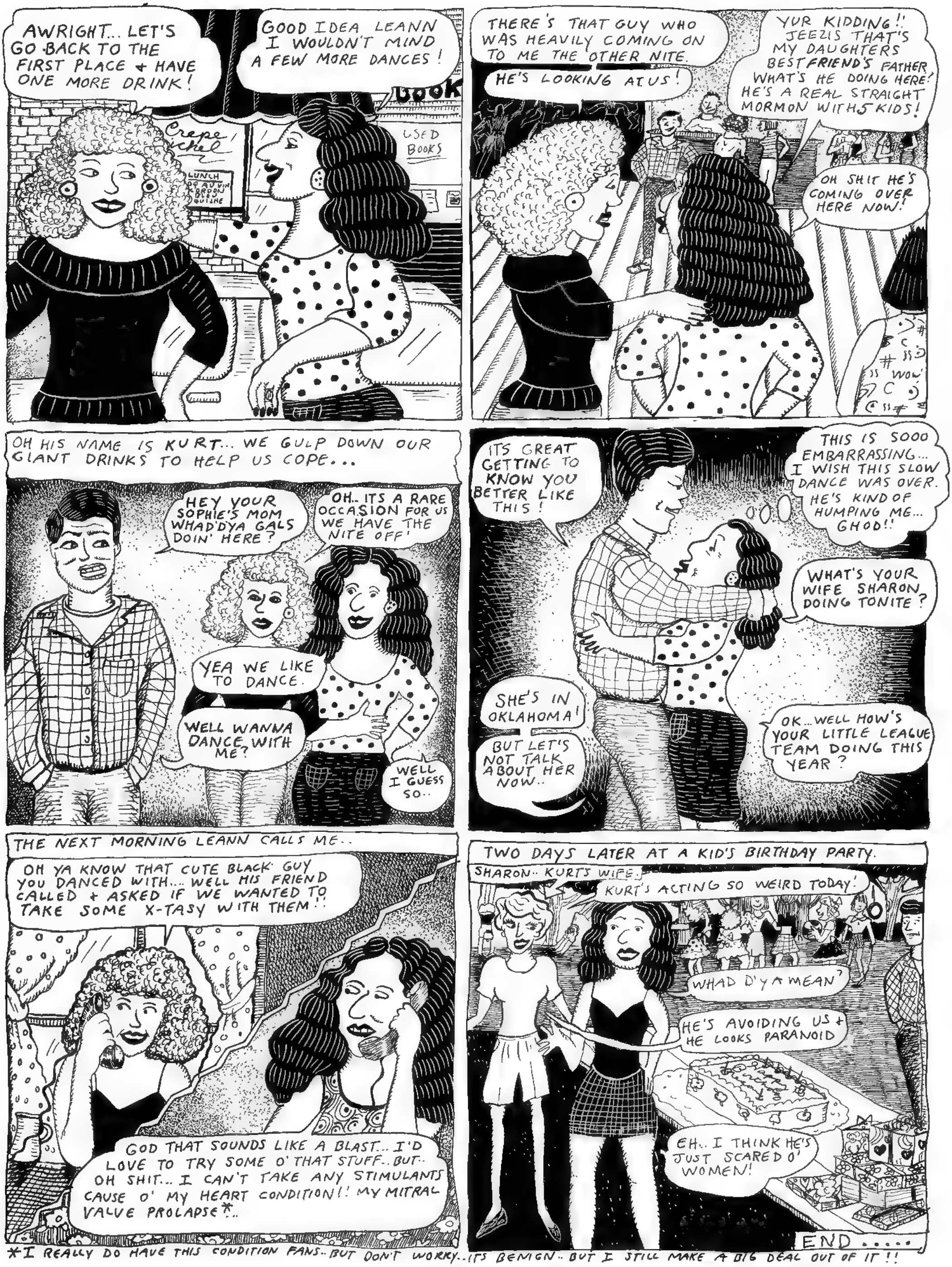

by ALIEN KAZINSKI-CRUMP
SEX CRAZED HOUSEWIFE
OR
My Troubles With Men*
LOVE 'EM - HATE 'EM --- CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM!!
I'M WAITING FOR THIS LIBIDO TO DIE DOWN AWREDDY!
CAN'T WAIT TO BE TOO OLD TO CARE!! THEN I CAN BECOME ENLIGHTENED!!
BUT FOR NOW... DO I LOOK TOO FAT IN THIS DRESS?
I'M ONE O' THOSE PEOPLE THAT'S GOTTEN BETTER WITH AGE... WHEN BOYS MEET ME NOW THEY THINK I WAS ALWAYS POPULAR WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX..
YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER BEEN A REJECT.. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN GORGEOUS!
NO THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
EASILY IMPRESSED WHITE BOY
THE TRUTH IS I WAS KIND OF BIG FOR MY AGE AND A LITTLE AGGRESSIVE!
HI YA RICKY... HOW D'YA DO ON THE HISTORY TEST? I GOT A 96!
MONSTER!
HEY WATCH THE THREADS WILL YA!
LATER I MOVED OUT WEST & THINGS IMPROVED... I WAS EXOTIC AMONG THE BLONDES....
I LIKE HIS PINK SEE THRU SKIN & PALE EYES.
WOW THOSE MUSCLES ARE BEAUTIFUL!
I LOVE YOUR SMOOTH BROWN SKIN TOO. .
CUTE TOOTHPICK BODY
I HAD SO MANY CHOICES I STARTED TO REALLY DEFINE MY TASTE IN MEN!
BRAINY
MYOPIC
CRITICAL
SENSITIVE
SHY
PALE
SKINNY
TALL
HORNY
PERFECT BOY
HMM.. I DON'T REALLY WANT AN OLD GUY... BUT I LIKE YOUNG MEN THAT LOOK LIKE OLD MEN... BUT NOT OLD JEWISH MEN.. KINDA LIKE OLD ENGLISH MEN....

* Yes I stole this title from my husband!! Too bad!! It's a free country!

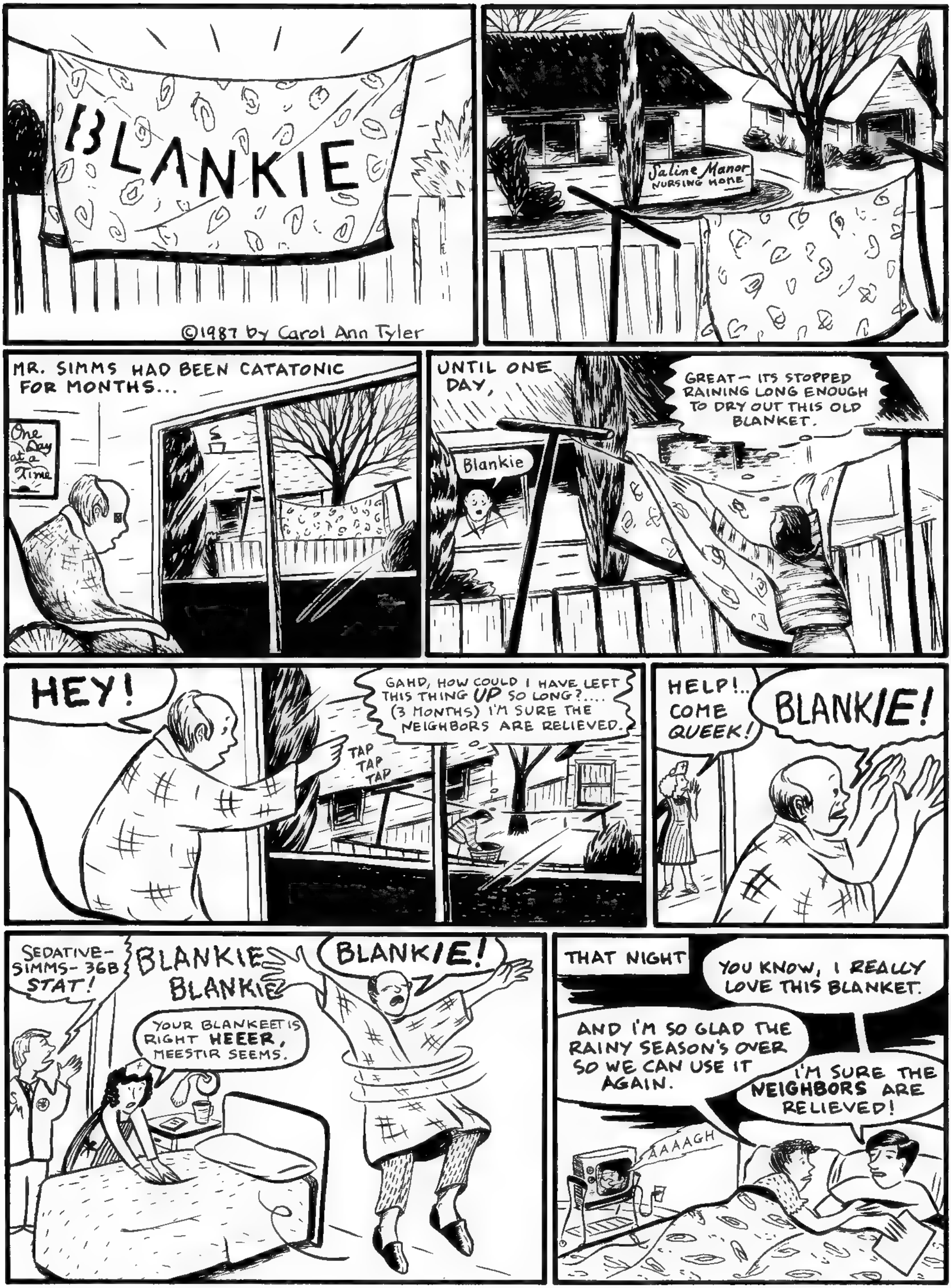

FINALLY I MET A MAN WHO ONLY LOVED BIG WOMEN....
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
HE MUST THINK I'M AN UGLY OX
I CAN'T HELP IT YOU HAVE SUCH CUTE KNEES!
HE'S KINDA CUTE IN A GAWKY SORT OF WAY
I DO??
AND SUCH LUSCHOUS THIGHS TOO!!
I WONDER IF HE LIKES ME?
I MOVED IN WITH THIS MAN AND MY EGO GREW UNDER HIS TENDER LOVING CARE!!
GOOD LORD... YOU LOOK INCREDIBLE IN THAT LEATHER MINI SKIRT!
I WANT TO BUY YOU A LEATHER JACKET TO GO WITH IT!
OH BOY SOUNDS GREAT!
I'M A LUCKY GUY!
YUR SO NICE TO ME!
I MUST BE A HOT NUMBER NOW!
BUT LATELY I'VE BECOME RESTLESS & HORNY DESPITE ALL THIS * SO BACK TO SEX CRAZED HOUSEWIFE... I DECIDED TO GO DANCING WITH MY FRIEND LEANN! I DANCED WITH A CUTE YOUNG MAN.
YOU'RE IN GREAT SHAPE!
I USTA BE AN OX NOW I'M AN OLD OX!
I'VE NEVER BEEN WITH AN OLDER WOMAN BEFORE!
SO WHAD D'YA DO?
I'M A VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN FOR KIRBY PRODUCTS
OH HOW INTRASTING I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYONE IN THAT BIZNIZ.. I HAVE AN ELECTROLUX...MOST ARTISTS I KNOW HAVE ELECTROLUXES BECAUSE THEY'RE CUTE!
I HEAR YA THATS COOL!
GREAT AT THE MOST PETTY SMALL TALK!
HOW COULD YOU TALK TO A YOUNG GUY LIKE THAT FOR SO LONG?
OH IT WAS EASY, WE TALKED ABOUT VACUUM CLEANERS!!
EVRYONE'S GOT A VACUUM STORY!!
SCIENTIFIC FACT!
I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM MY FRIEND IN N.Y WHO ACCUSED ME OF BEING LIKE ERICA JONG... SO I'D BETTER NOT ANALYZE THIS SITUATION TOO MUCH.
I'LL JUST DRINK ANOTHER L.I. ICE TEA & SEE WHAT HAPPENS!!

* TOO MUCH DIETING CAN CAUSE SEX-CRAZED HOUSEWIFE SYNDROME... EATING TOO MANY 3 OZ. SERVINGS OF SKINLESS CHICKEN BREASTS (THEY'RE LOADED WITH FEMALE HORMONES) CAN OVERSTIMULATE A NORMAL LIBIDO!!

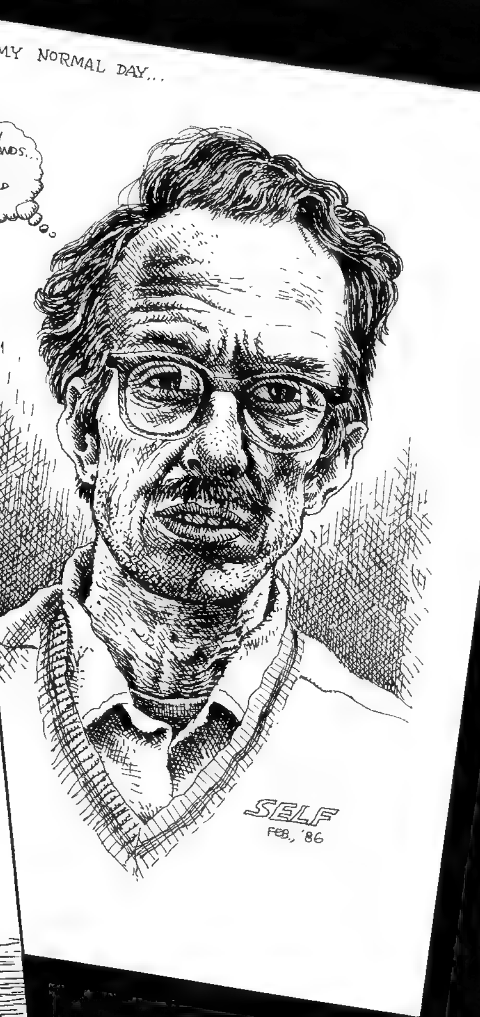

OH LOOK LEANN IS WHOOPING IT UP WITH SOME LATIN TYPE GUY... CAN'T TELL EXACTLY WHAT NATIONALITY.. BUT SHE LIKES THESE X-OTIC BOYS [JUST FOR DANCING OF COURSE]
THIS BLASTING DISCO IS STARTING TO DRIVE ME MAD!
LEANN TOLD ME SHE HAD A TOTALLY FABULOUS TIME DANCING IN NICARAGUA
WISH I COULD'VE GONE... IT SOUNDED REALLY EXCITING!
BUT MEANWHILE I JUST WANNA GET OUTA THIS PLACE!!
SO WE HEADED OUT TO ANOTHER SWINGING DISCO
SHOULD WE GO IN?
I DUNNO ITS UP TO YOU.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
I'M NOT SURE HOW ABOUT YOU?
LET'S HAVE ONE DRINK
AWRIGHT
THIS TOWN IS REALLY BORING
I KNOW.. WE SHOULD MOVE TO BERKELEY
HEY, EXUSE ME LADIES... DO YOU KNOW ANY GOOD PLACES TO GO IN THIS TOWN?
DIXO
Mr D's
2 DRINKS for 2.00 HAPPY HOUR
NOTHING TOO EXCITING!
ARE YOU GOING IN THIS PLACE?
YEA, JUST FOR A MINIT
MIND IF WE JOIN YOU?
I HATE TA TELL YA THIS BOYS... BUT I THINK WE'RE A LITTLE OLD FOR YOU!!
WELL THAT'S RAD!
BISTRO
MAUI
THAT'S RIGHT WE REMEMBER THE 50'S BECAUSE WE WERE THERE...
YOW!
ZIPPY
WE WERE GROWN UPS WHEN KENNEDY WAS SHOT!!
RAD? WHAT IS THIS RAD??
YA KNOW LIKE TOO COOL!
I'M OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR MOM F'R GOD SAKES!
EW... IF YOU WERE MY MOM WOULD YOU REALLY SPANK ME??!!
I'M SO BAD
YOW!
ZIPPY
LET'S GO BEFORE I LOSE MY JOB

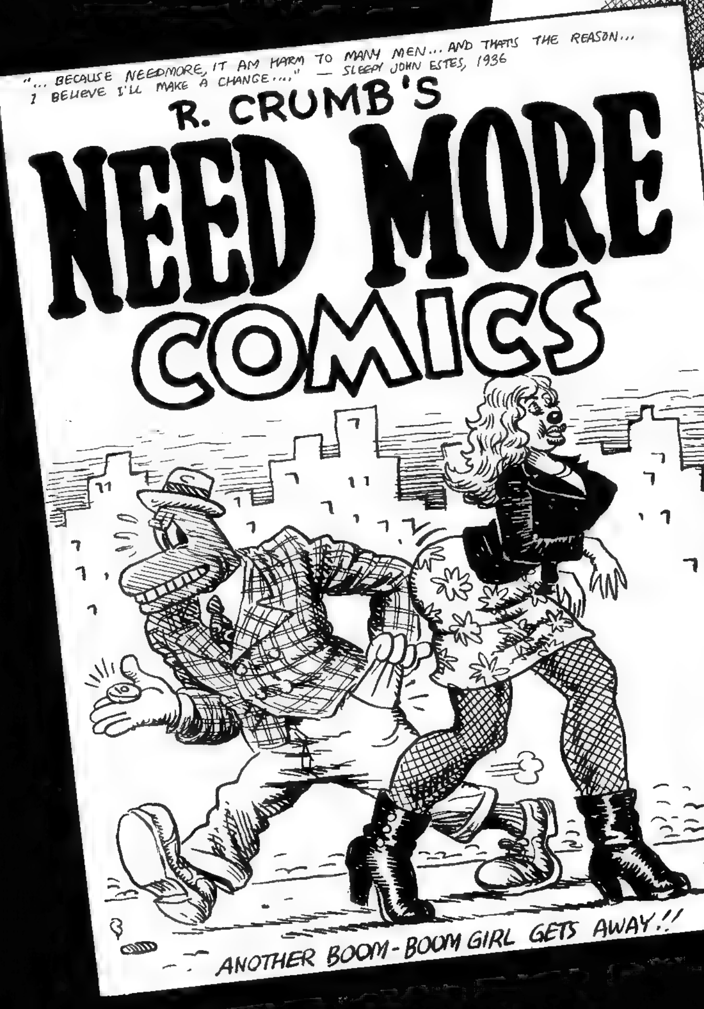

AWRIGHT... LET'S GO BACK TO THE FIRST PLACE + HAVE ONE MORE DRINK!
GOOD IDEA LEANN I WOULDN'T MIND A FEW MORE DANCES!
USED BOOKS
THERE'S THAT GUY WHO WAS HEAVILY COMING ON TO ME THE OTHER NITE.
HE'S LOOKING AT US!
YUR KIDDING!! JEEZIS THAT'S MY DAUGHTERS BEST FRIEND'S FATHER WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HE'S A REAL STRAIGHT MORMON WITH 5 KIDS!
OH SHIT HE'S COMING OVER HERE NOW!
WOW
OH HIS NAME IS KURT... WE GULP DOWN OUR GIANT DRINKS TO HELP US COPE...
HEY YOUR SOPHIE'S MOM WHAD'DYA GALS DOIN' HERE?
OH.. ITS A RARE OCCASION FOR US WE HAVE THE NITE OFF!
YEA WE LIKE TO DANCE.
WELL WANNA DANCE WITH ME?
WELL I GUESS SO..
ITS GREAT GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER LIKE THIS!
THIS IS SOOO EMBARRASSING... I WISH THIS SLOW DANCE WAS OVER. HE'S KIND OF HUMPING ME... GHOD!!
WHAT'S YOUR WIFE SHARON DOING TONITE?
SHE'S IN OKLAHOMA!
BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT HER NOW..
OK... WELL HOW'S YOUR LITTLE LEAGUE TEAM DOING THIS YEAR?
THE NEXT MORNING LEANN CALLS ME..
OH YA KNOW THAT CUTE BLACK GUY YOU DANCED WITH.... WELL HIS FRIEND CALLED + ASKED IF WE WANTED TO TAKE SOME X-TASY WITH THEM!!
GOD THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BLAST... I'D LOVE TO TRY SOME O' THAT STUFF.. BUT.. OH SHIT... I CAN'T TAKE ANY STIMULANTS CAUSE O' MY HEART CONDITION!! MY MITRAL VALVE PROLAPSE*..
TWO DAYS LATER AT A KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.
SHARON.. KURT'S WIFE.
KURT'S ACTING SO WEIRD TODAY!
WHAD D'YA MEAN?
HE'S AVOIDING US + HE LOOKS PARANOID
EH.. I THINK HE'S JUST SCARED O' WOMEN!
END.....

*I REALLY DO HAVE THIS CONDITION FANS.. BUT DON'T WORRY.. IT'S BENIGN.. BUT I STILL MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT!!

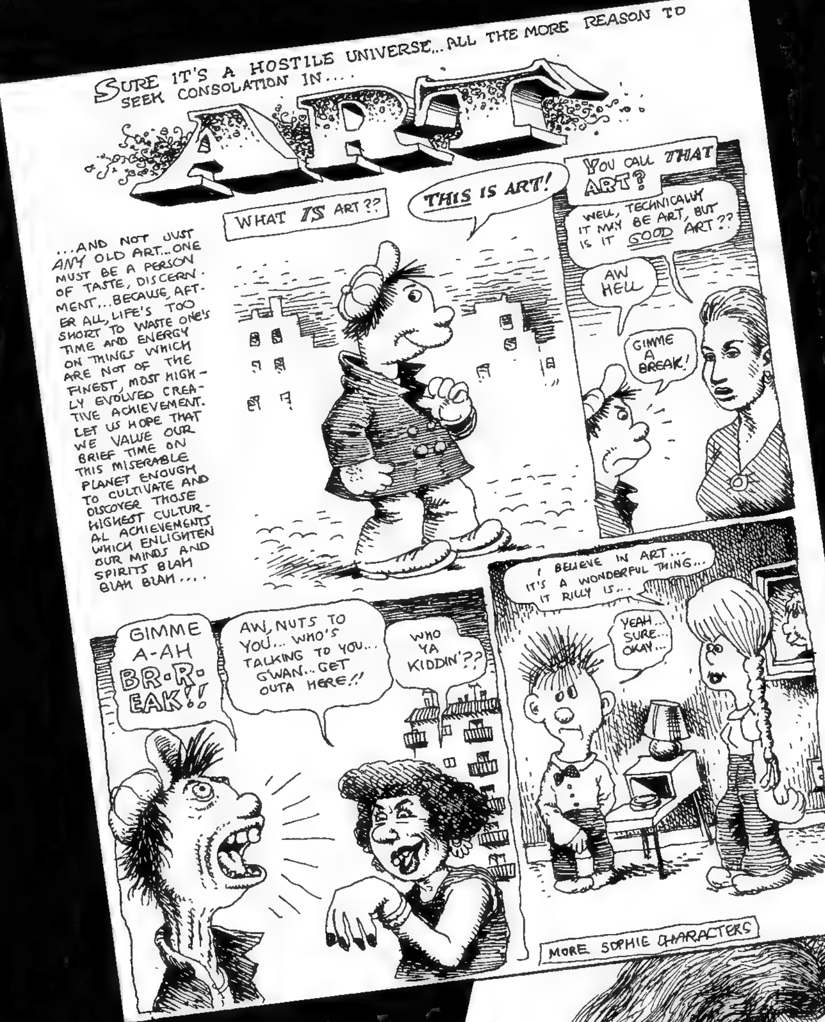

BLANKIE
©1987 by Carol Ann Tyler
Saline Manor NURSING HOME
MR. SIMMS HAD BEEN CATATONIC FOR MONTHS...
One Day at a Time
UNTIL ONE DAY,
GREAT— ITS STOPPED RAINING LONG ENOUGH TO DRY OUT THIS OLD BLANKET.
Blankie
HEY!
GAHD, HOW COULD I HAVE LEFT THIS THING UP SO LONG?.... (3 MONTHS) I'M SURE THE NEIGHBORS ARE RELIEVED.
TAP TAP TAP
HELP!.. COME QUEEK!
BLANKIE!
SEDATIVE- SIMMS- 36B STAT!
BLANKIE BLANKIE
BLANKIE!
YOUR BLANKEET IS RIGHT HEEER, MEESTIR SEEMS.
THAT NIGHT
YOU KNOW, I REALLY LOVE THIS BLANKET.
AND I'M SO GLAD THE RAINY SEASON'S OVER SO WE CAN USE IT AGAIN.
I'M SURE THE NEIGHBORS ARE RELIEVED!
AAAAGH

R. CRUMB'S CAVALCADE OF SKETCHES


JUST MY NORMAL DAY...
NOBODY UNDERSTANDS... AND OF COURSE... HOW COULD THEY ?..
SELF
FEB, '86


"... BECAUSE NEEDMORE, IT AM HARM TO MANY MEN... AND THAT'S THE REASON... I BELIEVE I'LL MAKE A CHANGE...," — SLEEPY JOHN ESTES, 1936
R. CRUMB'S
NEED MORE COMICS
ANOTHER BOOM-BOOM GIRL GETS AWAY!!

ALL THESE DRAWINGS AND CARTOON STRIPS WERE DONE IN A PERIOD OF MY LIFE WHEN I WAS HEAVILY DEPRESSED... MORE THAN MY USUAL NORMAL LEVEL OF DEPRESSION. IT WAS A HARD YEAR, FROM EARLY '85 TO MID '86. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THIS SO YOU WON'T THINK MY SKETCHBOOKS ARE ALWAYS THIS GRIM. I'M NOT A "NEGATIVE" PERSON! HONEST! WELL, OKAY, SO I DON'T LIKE ALOT OF THINGS AND PEOPLE... I'M KINDA CRANKY IN MY EVERYDAY LIFE... I THINK MOST PEOPLE ARE TOO UNCRITICAL... SOFT IN THE HEAD... THEY SWALLOW ANY DUM SHIT THAT'S SHOVED AT THEM... WHAT'S INTERESTING THOUGH IS HOW MY DRAWING REACHED A LEVEL OF SEETHING INTENSITY DURING THIS TIME WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACK.


SURE IT'S A HOSTILE UNIVERSE... ALL THE MORE REASON TO SEEK CONSOLATION IN....
ART
WHAT IS ART??
THIS IS ART!
YOU CALL THAT ART?
WELL, TECHNICALLY IT MAY BE ART, BUT IS IT GOOD ART??
AW HELL
GIMME A BREAK!
...AND NOT JUST ANY OLD ART...ONE MUST BE A PERSON OF TASTE, DISCERNMENT... BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO WASTE ONE'S TIME AND ENERGY ON THINGS WHICH ARE NOT OF THE FINEST, MOST HIGHLY EVOLVED CREATIVE ACHIEVEMENT. LET US HOPE THAT WE VALUE OUR BRIEF TIME ON THIS MISERABLE PLANET ENOUGH TO CULTIVATE AND DISCOVER THOSE HIGHEST CULTURAL ACHIEVEMENTS WHICH ENLIGHTEN OUR MINDS AND SPIRITS BLAH BLAH BLAH....
GIMME A-AH BR-R-EAK!!
AW, NUTS TO YOU... WHO'S TALKING TO YOU... G'WAN... GET OUTA HERE!!
WHO YA KIDDIN'??
I BELIEVE IN ART... IT'S A WONDERFUL THING... IT RILLY IS...
YEAH... SURE... OKAY...
MORE SOPHIE CHARACTERS

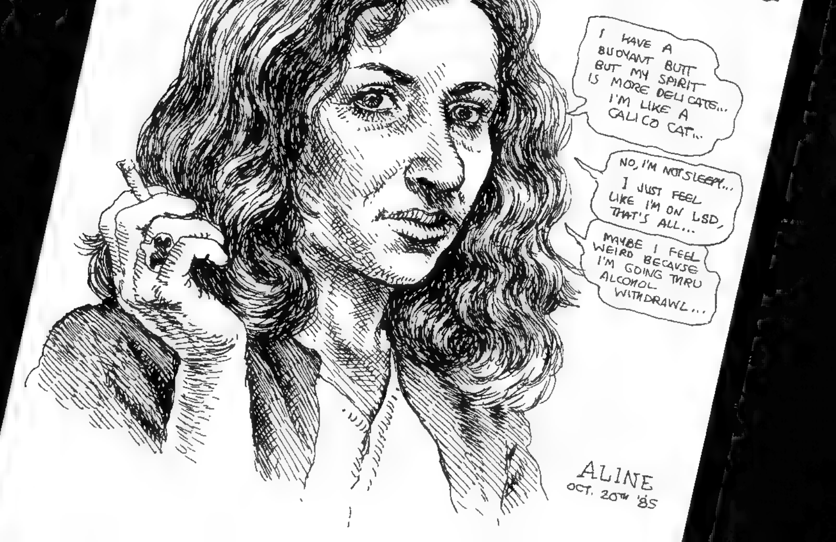
WHAT ARE THE IMPLICATIONS HERE? DO I HAVE TO BE ON THE VERGE OF SUICIDE TO DO MY MOST INTERESTING WORK?? IF THINGS ARE GOING WELL AND I ONLY FEEL MILDLY MISERABLE IS MY WORK LESS INSPIRED?? IS THERE NO OTHER WAY?? IS IT WORTH IT, I ASK YOU?

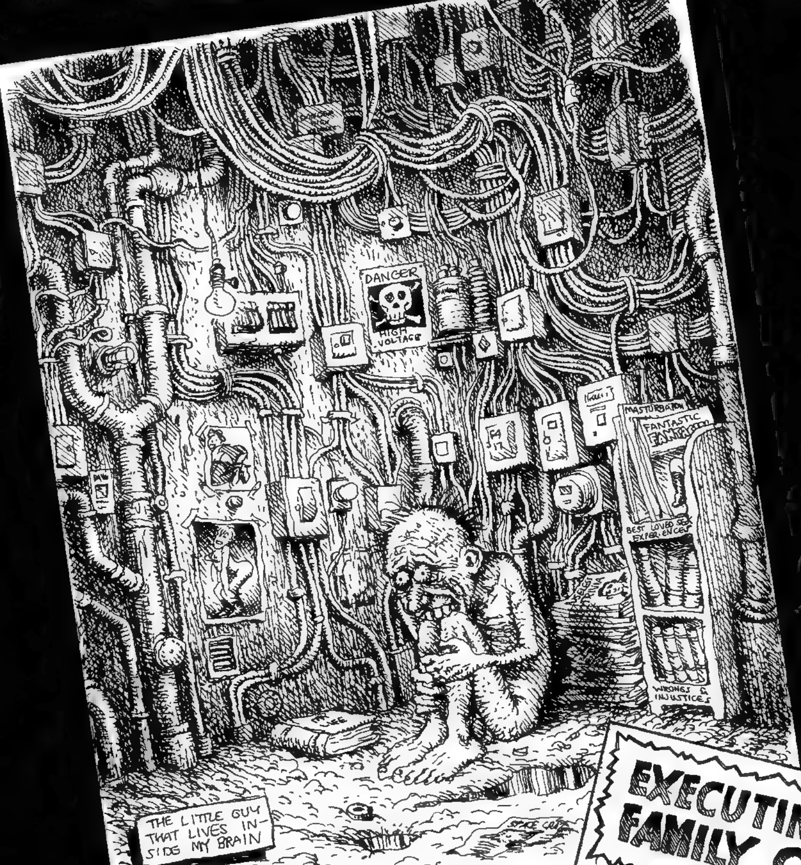
IN THE YEAR 1985 I WAS MORE OR LESS IN THE UNDIGNIFIED POSITION OF BEING FLAT BUSTED BROKE. I NEEDED MONEY. SO I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE ROPED INTO A SERIES OF MEDIA HYPES, PUBLIC APPEARANCES, COMMERCIAL JOBS, ETC., IN HOPES OF UP-GRADING MY INCOME. IT WORKED, BUT AT WHAT PRICE? IT DROVE ME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE.

NEVER AGAIN... I DON'T CARE HOW BAD I NEED THE MONEY... THE INTERVIEWS, THE TV AND RADIO APPEARANCES, THE CONVENTIONS...

THEY SHOOK ME DOWN, WRUNG ME OUT, DRAINED MY BLOOD... STRIPPED ME BARE AND LEFT ONLY THE BONES BLEACHING IN THE SUN... THEY LOVED ME TO DEATH, SMOTHERED ME WITH ATTENTION... THOUSANDS OF THEM... THEIR SMILING FACES... IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO THINK BACK ON IT...

YOU MUST THINK THAT SOUNDS MISANTHROPIC... "FUCK HIM," YOU'RE THINKING, "...SUPERIOR SON OF A BITCH..." NO, NO, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT... IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE, GOD LOVE 'EM... I JUST LIKE 'EM IN SMALLER DOSES... TWO OR THREE A WEEK, MAYBE... THAT'S REASONABLE, ISN'T IT?


"SINCE THE LATE 1970s PROFESSIONALS SUCH AS LAWYERS, ACCOUNTANTS, MARKETING CONSULTANTS, ADVERTISING AGENCIES AND SUCH HAVE BEEN PARTICULARLY BUSY IN CHINA," SAYS STANLEY LUBMAN, A SAN FRANCISCO ATTORNEY WHO HAS PRACTICED LAW IN CHINA FOR 14 YEARS.
I HAVE A BUOYANT BUTT BUT MY SPIRIT IS MORE DELICATE... I'M LIKE A CALICO CAT...
NO, I'M NOT SLEEPY... I JUST FEEL LIKE I'M ON LSD, THAT'S ALL...
MAYBE I FEEL WEIRD BECAUSE I'M GOING THRU ALCOHOL WITHDRAWL...
ALINE
OCT. 20TH '85


DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE
MASTURBATION
FANTASTIC
BEST LOVED SEX EXPERIENCES
WRONGS & INJUSTICES
THE LITTLE GUY THAT LIVES INSIDE MY BRAIN

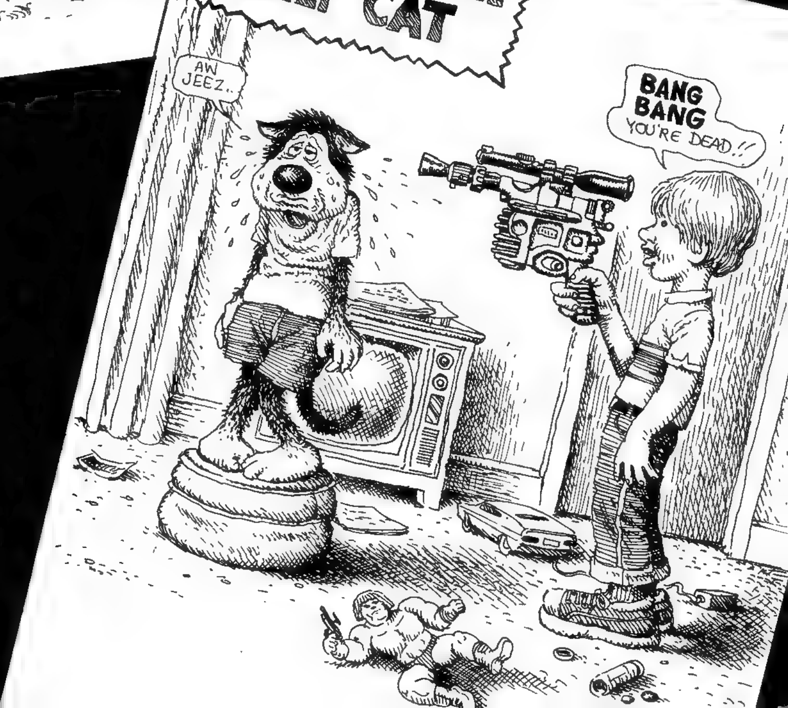
IT'S THE PRICE OF FAME, COMIC FANS..."IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT GET OUTA THE KITCHEN..." QUIT YER BELLY-ACHING...YEAH, RIGHT.

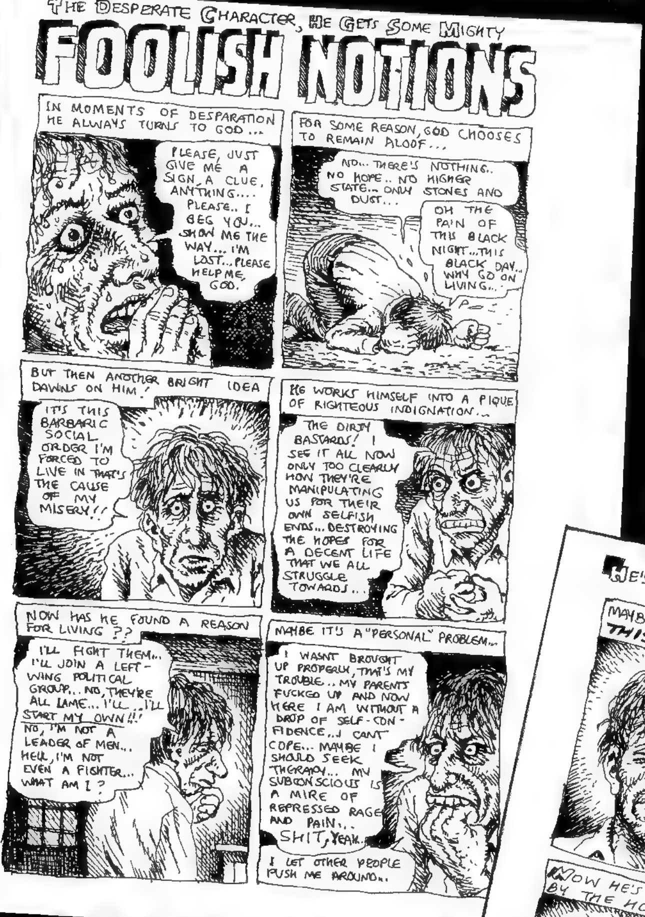
IT'S FUNNY THOUGH...WHEN I GET THAT WAY...ALL MISERABLE AND DEPRESSED AND COMPLETELY ALIENATED, I WITHDRAW AND FILL MY SKETCHBOOKS WITH WILD, NUTSY DRAWINGS...THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THEM...

YEAH, I REALLY SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE HORRORS OF FAME... IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD...I MEAN, IT'S AN ENVIABLE POSITION I'M IN, BEING FAMOUS...RIGHT? *EVERYONE* WANTS TO BE FAMOUS...THINK OF THE *PERKS!!* WHO DO I THINK I AM TO WHINE AND SNIVEL ABOUT HOW TOUGH IT IS BEING A CELEBRITY!! THE NERVE! SUCH *CRUST!!* GET REAL, BOB!

YEAH, BEING A "NAME" HAS NETTED ME A FEW NICE-LOOKING BABES OVER THE YEARS... THAT'S ONE THING I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT... I KNOW GUYS JUST LIKE ME WHO *AREN'T* FAMOUS AND THEY *NEVER* GET LAID BY NICE-LOOKING WOMEN! THEY HAVE TO SETTLE FOR SECOND-RATE MATERIAL... THEY'RE LEFT TO SCRAMBLE AFTER THE LEAVINGS OF THE COCKIER, RICHER, MORE POWERFUL MALES. HEY, I'M NOT EVEN FAMOUS ENOUGH TO MERIT THE ATTENTIONS OF THE DONNA RICE TYPES!

BUT YES, FAME HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME. MY ARTWORK'S WORTH ALOT OF MONEY...I CAN SELL MY ORIGINALS NOW FOR HEFTY SUMS...I CAN AFFORD THINGS...NICE THINGS... DON'T ANY OF YOU LOW-LIFES OUT THERE GET ANY SMART-ASS IDEAS ABOUT COMING OUT HERE AND STEALING VALUABLE ORIGINAL ART! ALL MY ORIGINALS ARE IN SAFE-KEEPING IN A GALLERY IN SAN FRANCISCO CALLED "MODERNISM." (FOR INFORMATION CALL 415-541-0461)


EXECUTING THE FAMILY CAT
AW JEEZ..
BANG BANG YOU'RE DEAD!!


THE DESPERATE CHARACTER, HE GETS SOME MIGHTY
FOOLISH NOTIONS
IN MOMENTS OF DESPARATION HE ALWAYS TURNS TO GOD...
PLEASE, JUST GIVE ME A SIGN, A CLUE, ANYTHING.... PLEASE.. I BEG YOU... SHOW ME THE WAY... I'M LOST... PLEASE HELP ME, GOD.
FOR SOME REASON, GOD CHOOSES TO REMAIN ALOOF...
NO... THERE'S NOTHING.. NO HOPE.. NO HIGHER STATE.. ONLY STONES AND DUST...
OH THE PAIN OF THIS BLACK NIGHT... THIS BLACK DAY.. WHY GO ON LIVING...
BUT THEN ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA DAWNS ON HIM!
IT'S THIS BARBARIC SOCIAL ORDER I'M FORCED TO LIVE IN THAT'S THE CAUSE OF MY MISERY!!
HE WORKS HIMSELF INTO A PIQUE OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION...
THE DIRTY BASTARDS! I SEE IT ALL NOW ONLY TOO CLEARLY HOW THEY'RE MANIPULATING US FOR THEIR OWN SELFISH ENDS... DESTROYING THE HOPES FOR A DECENT LIFE THAT WE ALL STRUGGLE TOWARDS...
NOW HAS HE FOUND A REASON FOR LIVING??
I'LL FIGHT THEM... I'LL JOIN A LEFT-WING POLITICAL GROUP... NO, THEY'RE ALL LAME... I'LL... I'LL START MY OWN!!
NO, I'M NOT A LEADER OF MEN... HELL, I'M NOT EVEN A FIGHTER... WHAT AM I?
MAYBE IT'S A "PERSONAL" PROBLEM...
I WASNT BROUGHT UP PROPERLY, THAT'S MY TROUBLE.. MY PARENTS FUCKED UP AND NOW HERE I AM WITHOUT A DROP OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.. I CANT COPE... MAYBE I SHOULD SEEK THERAPY... MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS A MIRE OF REPRESSED RAGE AND PAIN... SHIT, YEAH...
I LET OTHER PEOPLE PUSH ME AROUND..

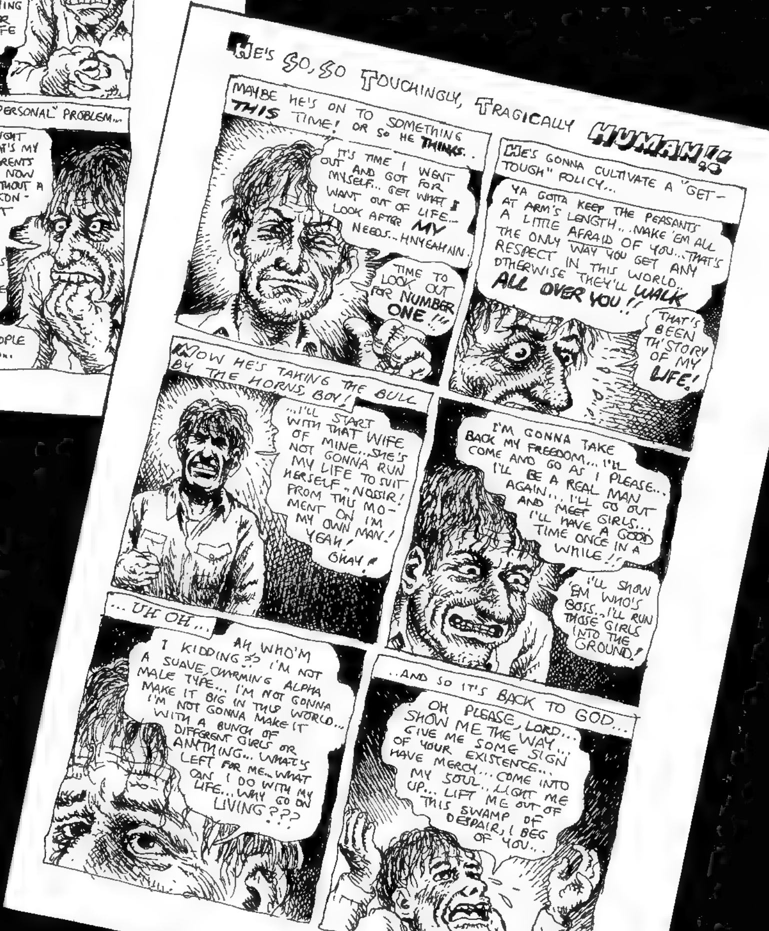
ANOTHER PRIVILEGE I ENJOY IS THAT I CAN ACTUALLY EARN A LIVING DOING *EXACTLY* WHAT I LIKE TO DO! YEAH, I'M A LUCKY GUY... HOW MANY PEOPLE ON THIS HELL-PLANET HAVE THE FREEDOM TO DO AS THEY PLEASE LIKE ME?!

GOD, WHAT AN ASS! WHAT A *JERK!!* TO BITCH ABOUT MY LIFE THE WAY I DO! GET A PERSPECTIVE ON IT, DICK-HEAD! PUT IT IN PROPORTION! MY GOD! WHAT MUST THEY THINK OUT THERE?! I'VE BEEN SPOILED FOR SO LONG I'VE LOST TOUCH WITH REALITY... A TYPICAL FUCKED UP CELEB!

WHO HAS IT BETTER THAN YOU, BOB?? WHO WOULD YOU TRADE PLACES WITH?

BUT NO, INSTEAD OF FEELING HUMBLY GRATEFUL, INSTEAD OF COUNTING HIS BLESSINGS, HE HAS TO MOAN AND BITCH, WALLOW IN SELF-PITY... AND FOIST IT ON THE PUBLIC BESIDES! ONLY THEY DON'T BUY IT... ALL HE SUCCEEDS IN DOING IS *ANNOYING* THEM WITH HIS SNOTTY WHIMPERINGS... IT'S DISGUSTING... WHERE'S YOUR GUMPTION? WHERE IS THERE AN OUNCE OF CHARACTER? OF INNER STRENGTH?? MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BEAR UP UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES YOU CAN'T EVEN *IMAGINE!* YOU'D BE *DEAD* IF YOU HAD TO LIVE *ONE DAY* IN THEIR SHOES... ONE *HOUR!* ...AND LOOK AT YOU! FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF BECAUSE IT'S SO HARD BEING *ON TOP!*

YES, I'M WEAK... I ADMIT IT. I'M NOT VERY TOUGH... I CAVE IN EASILY... THE LEAST LITTLE PROBLEM AND I'M A HEAP OF TREMBLING PROTOPLASM... PART OF THE PROBLEM IS MY INABILITY TO DEAL FIRMLY WITH THIS FAME BUSINESS...

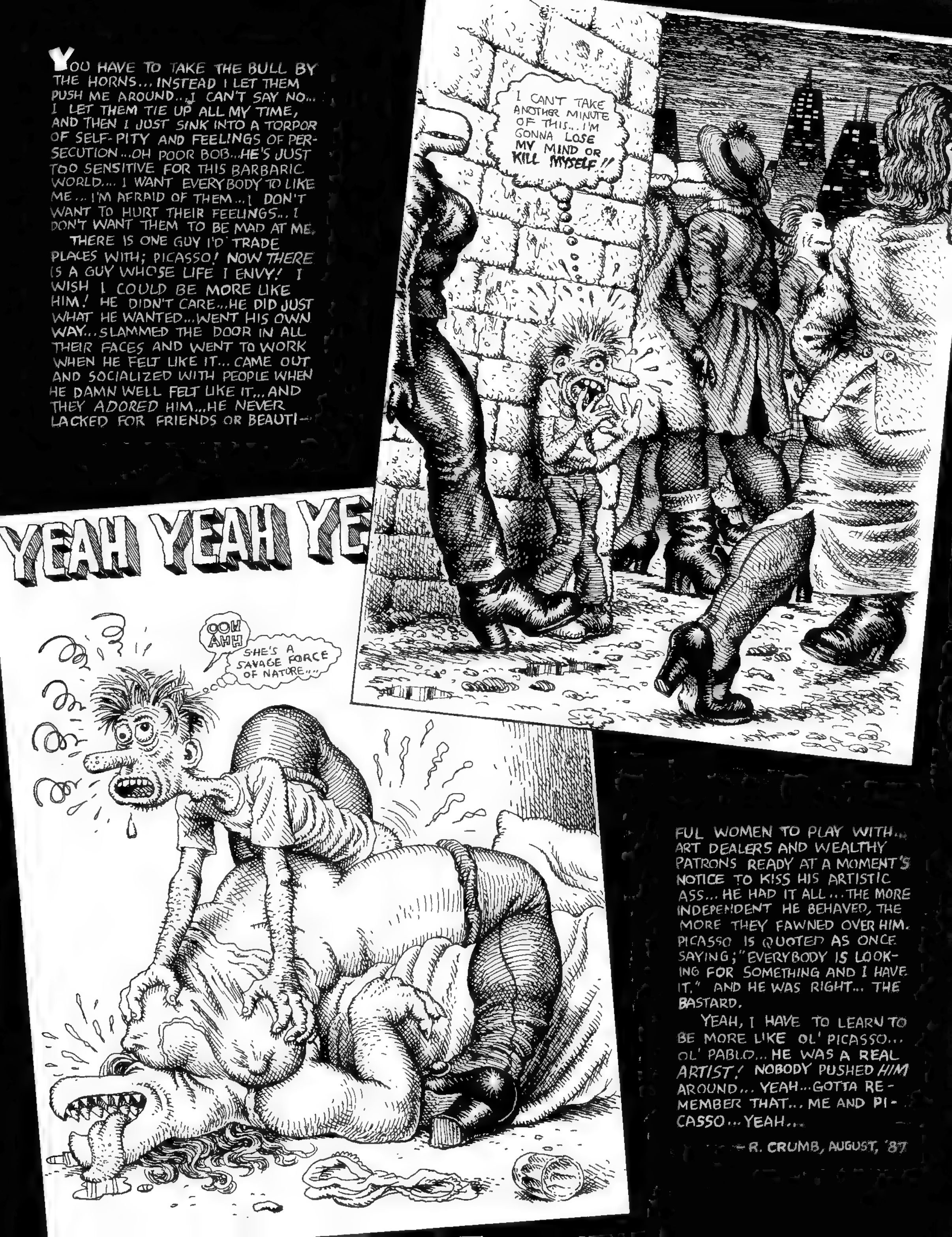

HE'S SO, SO TOUCHINGLY, TRAGICALLY HUMAN!!
MAYBE HE'S ON TO SOMETHING THIS TIME! OR SO HE THINKS..
IT'S TIME I WENT OUT AND GOT FOR MYSELF... GET WHAT I WANT OUT OF LIFE... LOOK AFTER MY NEEDS... HNYEAHNN
TIME TO LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE!!
HE'S GONNA CULTIVATE A "GET-TOUGH" POLICY...
YA GOTTA KEEP THE PEASANTS AT ARM'S LENGTH.. MAKE 'EM ALL A LITTLE AFRAID OF YOU... THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU GET ANY RESPECT IN THIS WORLD.. OTHERWISE THEY'LL WALK ALL OVER YOU!!
THAT'S BEEN TH' STORY OF MY LIFE!
NOW HE'S TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS, BOY!
...I'LL START WITH THAT WIFE OF MINE... SHE'S NOT GONNA RUN MY LIFE TO SUIT HERSELF.. NOSIR! FROM THIS MOMENT ON I'M MY OWN MAN! YEAH! OKAY!
I'M GONNA TAKE BACK MY FREEDOM... I'LL COME AND GO AS I PLEASE... I'LL BE A REAL MAN AGAIN... I'LL GO OUT AND MEET GIRLS... I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME ONCE IN A WHILE!!
I'LL SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS... I'LL RUN THOSE GIRLS INTO THE GROUND!
...UH OH...
AH WHO'M I KIDDING?? I'M NOT A SUAVE, CHARMING ALPHA MALE TYPE... I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT BIG IN THIS WORLD... I'M NOT GONNA MAKE IT WITH A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT GIRLS OR ANYTHING... WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME.. WHAT CAN I DO WITH MY LIFE.. WHY GO ON LIVING???
..AND SO IT'S BACK TO GOD...
OH PLEASE, LORD... SHOW ME THE WAY... GIVE ME SOME SIGN OF YOUR EXISTENCE... HAVE MERCY... COME INTO MY SOUL... LIGHT ME UP... LIFT ME OUT OF THIS SWAMP OF DESPAIR, I BEG OF YOU..

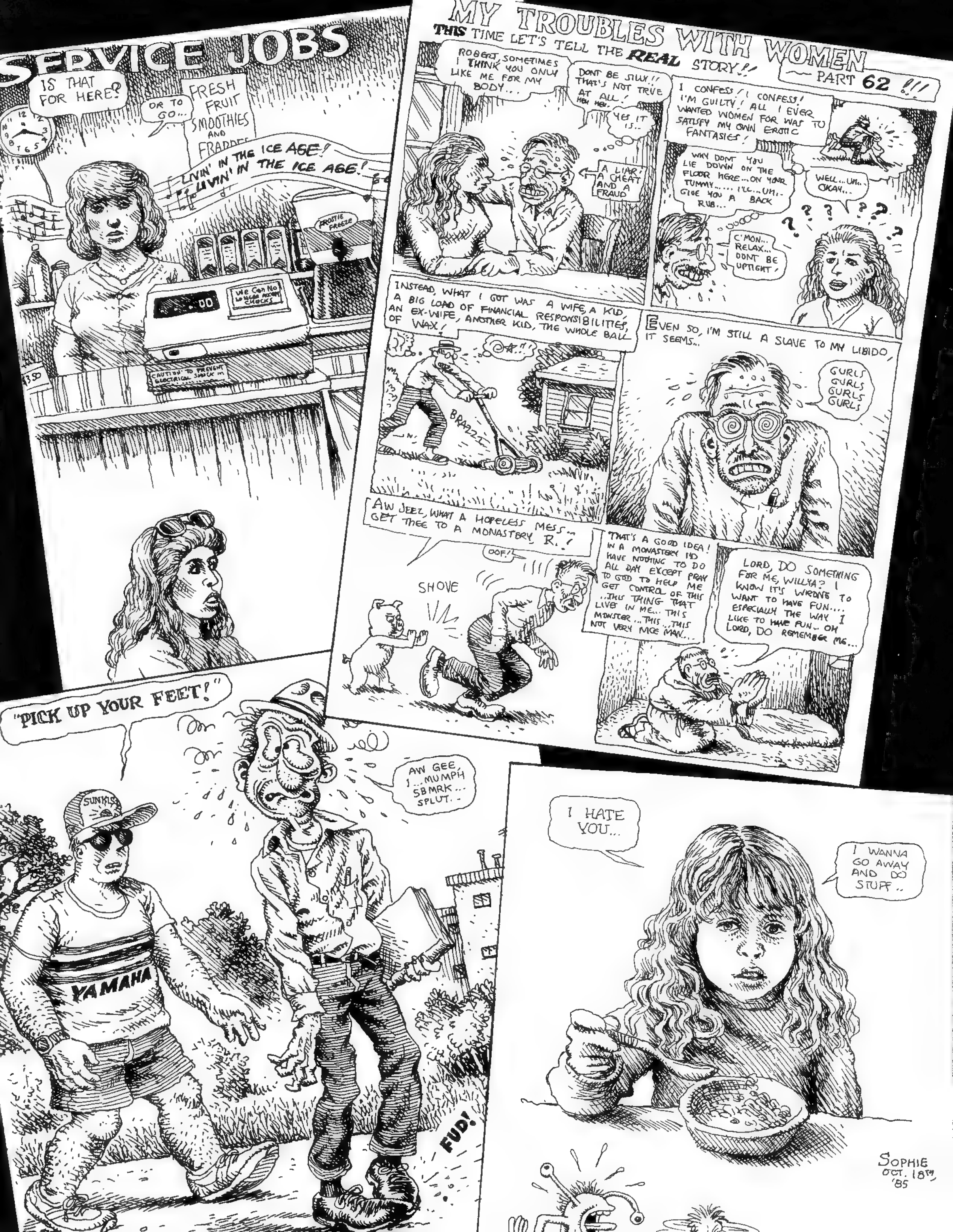
YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS... INSTEAD I LET THEM PUSH ME AROUND... I CAN'T SAY NO... I LET THEM TIE UP ALL MY TIME, AND THEN I JUST SINK INTO A TORPOR OF SELF-PITY AND FEELINGS OF PERSECUTION... OH POOR BOB... HE'S JUST TOO SENSITIVE FOR THIS BARBARIC WORLD.... I WANT EVERYBODY TO LIKE ME... I'M AFRAID OF THEM... I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEIR FEELINGS... I DON'T WANT THEM TO BE MAD AT ME.

THERE IS ONE GUY I'D TRADE PLACES WITH; PICASSO! NOW *THERE* IS A GUY WHOSE LIFE I ENVY! I WISH I COULD BE MORE LIKE HIM! HE DIDN'T CARE... HE DID JUST WHAT HE WANTED... WENT HIS OWN WAY... SLAMMED THE DOOR IN ALL THEIR FACES AND WENT TO WORK WHEN HE FELT LIKE IT... CAME OUT AND SOCIALIZED WITH PEOPLE WHEN HE DAMN WELL FELT LIKE IT... AND THEY *ADORED* HIM... HE NEVER LACKED FOR FRIENDS OR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TO PLAY WITH... ART DEALERS AND WEALTHY PATRONS READY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE TO KISS HIS ARTISTIC ASS... HE HAD IT ALL... THE MORE INDEPENDENT HE BEHAVED, THE MORE THEY FAWNED OVER HIM. PICASSO IS QUOTED AS ONCE SAYING; "EVERYBODY IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING AND I HAVE IT." AND HE WAS RIGHT... THE BASTARD.

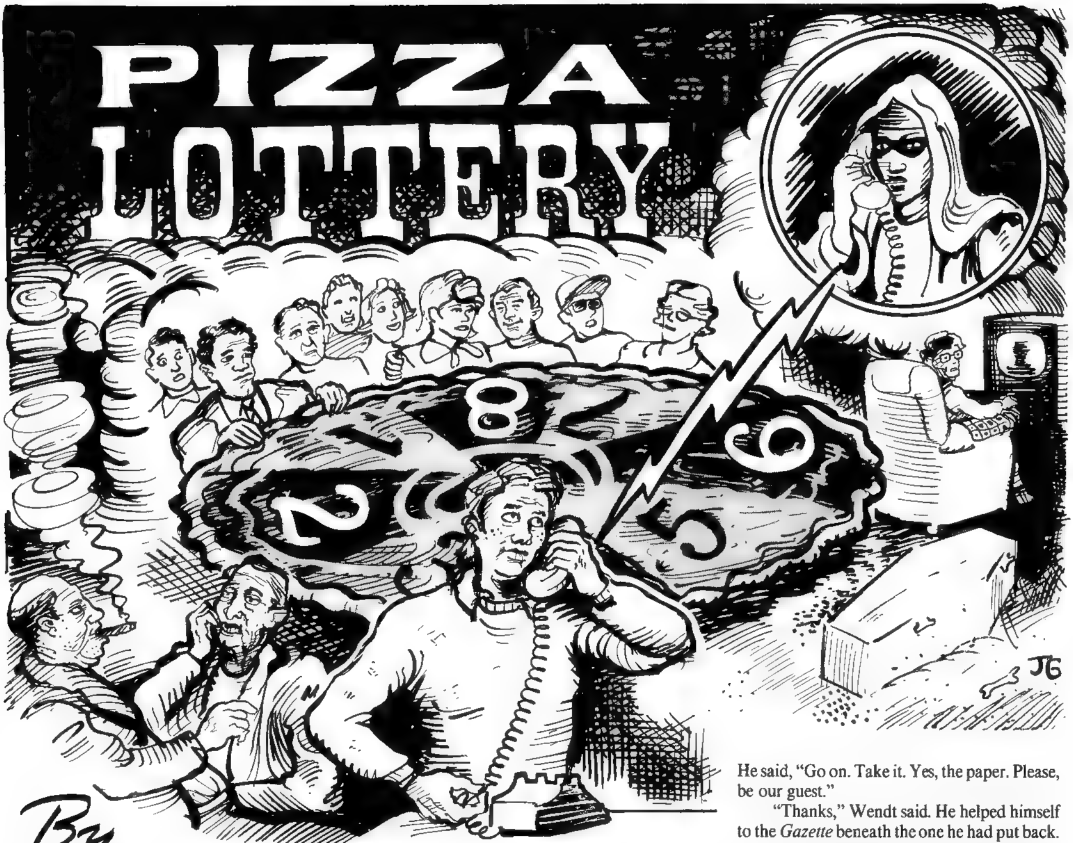
YEAH, I HAVE TO LEARN TO BE MORE LIKE OL' PICASSO... OL' PABLO... HE WAS A REAL *ARTIST!* NOBODY PUSHED *HIM* AROUND... YEAH... GOTTA REMEMBER THAT... ME AND PICASSO... YEAH...

—R. CRUMB, AUGUST, '87


I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER MINUTE OF THIS... I'M GONNA LOSE MY MIND OR KILL MYSELF!!
YEAH YEAH YE
OOH AHH
SHE'S A SAVAGE FORCE OF NATURE....


SERVICE JOBS
IS THAT FOR HERE?
OR TO GO...
FRESH FRUIT SMOOTHIES AND FRAPPES
LIVIN' IN THE ICE AGE! LIVIN' IN THE ICE AGE!
FROSTIE FREEZE
WE CAN NO LONGER ACCEPT CHECKS
CAUTION: TO PREVENT ELECTRICAL SHOCK IN
$3.50
MY TROUBLES WITH WOMEN
THIS TIME LET'S TELL THE REAL STORY!!
~ PART 62 !!!
ROBERT, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU ONLY LIKE ME FOR MY BODY...
DONT BE SILLY!! THAT'S NOT TRUE AT ALL! HEH HEH!
YES IT IS..
A LIAR! A CHEAT AND A FRAUD
I CONFESS! I CONFESS! I'M GUILTY! ALL I EVER WANTED WOMEN FOR WAS TO SATISFY MY OWN EROTIC FANTASIES!
WHY DONT YOU LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR HERE...ON YOUR TUMMY..... I'LL...UM.. GIVE YOU A BACK RUB...
WELL...UM... OKAY...
C'MON... RELAX... DONT BE UPTIGHT!
INSTEAD, WHAT I GOT WAS A WIFE, A KID, A BIG LOAD OF FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES, AN EX-WIFE, ANOTHER KID, THE WHOLE BALL OF WAX!
BRAZZZ
EVEN SO, I'M STILL A SLAVE TO MY LIBIDO, IT SEEMS..
GURLS GURLS GURLS GURLS
AW JEEZ, WHAT A HOPELESS MESS.. GET THEE TO A MONASTERY, R.!
SHOVE
OOF!
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! IN A MONASTERY I'D HAVE NOTHING TO DO ALL DAY EXCEPT PRAY TO GOD TO HELP ME GET CONTROL OF THIS ..THIS THING THAT LIVE IN ME... THIS MONSTER ...THIS...THIS NOT VERY NICE MAN...
LORD, DO SOMETHING FOR ME, WILLYA? I KNOW IT'S WRONG TO WANT TO HAVE FUN.... ESPECIALLY THE WAY I LIKE TO HAVE FUN.. OH LORD, DO REMEMBER ME...
"PICK UP YOUR FEET!"
AW GEE, I...MUMPH SBMRK... SPLUT.-
SUNKIST
YAMAHA
FUD!
I HATE YOU...
I WANNA GO AWAY AND DO STUFF..
SOPHIE OCT. 18TH '85

PIZZA LOTTERY



By BRIAN TURNER

Wendt didn't even know this woman.

"Be sure to look in tonight's paper," she said.

He tightened his hold on the phone. "Why?"

"Because you've won," she said evenly. "You and your family have won tonight's pizza."

His already small eyes narrowed. He had no family here.

"Look in the personals," she said, "in the classifieds, the Pizza Lottery."

He said, "I can't eat a whole pizza by myself."

"It's not a very big pizza," she said and hung up.

The tobacco shop down the street was as dark as the bowl of an old brown pipe. A pair of old-timers (one, a respected merchant, now retired, and the other a former city official) smoked and talked about Megabucks, the state lottery. It amazed Wendt how civic difficulties that had proved intractable during the hey-day of these two were now resolved with a wave of their cigars. Wendt doubted such wisdom or respectability would distinguish his last years.

He picked up a *Gazette* and turned to the personals.

> If your name is Wendt and you live at 160 Main, you have just won a 12″ cheese pizza from the Pizza Box. Call us tonight at 586-7583 and claim your prize. Pizza Lottery.

Wendt couldn't believe his luck. Normally, he would have gone hungry until tomorrow. Tomorrow was the day he stood in line at the Division of Employment Security and watched a state employee slide the blank check into the printer, press a button, and let the typewheel chew up some of the state's money. That was the sort of job Wendt wanted; failing that, he was content to collect unemployment benefits. He replaced the *Gazette* on the top of the stack. Ralphy, the owner of the tobacco shop, was watching.

"I won the Pizza Lottery," Wendt said.

"Great," Ralphy said. Ralphy was a fretful little man with a calculating manner, given to displays of generosity when it mattered least. He said, "Go on. Take it. Yes, the paper. Please, be our guest."

"Thanks," Wendt said. He helped himself to the *Gazette* beneath the one he had put back.

Ralphy issued lottery tickets by the handful from the sputtering computer behind the counter. He stuffed them into envelopes upon which were marked the names of players who had dropped by and placed their bets before work. The jackpot was fast approaching $12 million. Wendt had read that the chances of winning Megabucks were slimmer than being hit by lightning. Yet, in the *Gazette*, there were stories of lottery winners every week, and sometimes people picked the identical number and split the prize. To the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In," Wendt imagined an army of citizens with lightning rods attached to their backs, and on the lightning rods were tied lottery tickets like little flags.

Wendt asked, "Do you check the Pizza Lottery every night?"

"Sure, sure," Ralphy said.

Ralphy's wife looked up from behind the counter where she entered figures into a large green ledger. Her eyes were bleary, yet Wendt detected behind them a resentment of long-standing like the smoldering coal fires beneath the ground of West Virginia, burning for 20 years.

"Actually," Ralphy corrected himself, "the Mrs. does."

"Pizza Lottery," said the city official. "They run it with the prayers to St. Jude. Damn print's too small. Can't eat pizza anyway. What the hell."

"You want to hear something strange?" Wendt asked.

The end of the old man's cigar glowed in anticipation.

"Someone called me," Wendt said. "A lady. I didn't even know her. She told me I had won. If she hadn't called, I never would have known."

"Try buying the paper once in a while," Ralphy said.

The merchant said, "It's the pizza place. They did it."

"That's not much of a contest," Wendt said.

"It's not a contest," the merchant insisted. "It's a promotion."

Ralphy laughed. "What if Megabucks gave us a call like Pizza Lottery? Wouldn't that be something?"

"For pizza, they'll call you," the Mrs. said. "A million dollars, don't hold your breath."

This made the old men laugh, sending up gusts of blue smoke to the ceiling.

When he got home Wendt used a ruler to map out an area on his table that approximated a 12″ cheese pizza.

Cheese! That was the catch. They would try to talk him into ordering anchovies, pepperoni, mushrooms, the works, which might make the pizza tastier but also more expensive. It was just like Megabucks. The newly minted millionaires grinned from the front page of the *Gazette,* holding their checks for losers everywhere to see. Yet there were taxes to pay, and what was left was divided up over 20 years, and their anonymity was gone forever, and people would from that day on want something from them. Into every life, Wendt reflected, there must come despair and unhappiness, even into the lives of the very luckiest. There was nothing for him to do but call the Pizza Box. He imagined the sort of place that stayed open 24 hours a day, bristling with harsh light, its walls and counters white as bone. In a grave voice, he identified himself and ordered his free cheese pizza, no extras, nothing to drink.

About fifteen minutes later it surprised Wendt to hear a knock; he had taken off his pants, as was his habit when settling in for an evening at home, so he had to put them back on to answer the door. He let himself out into the shadowy hall. When his eyes adjusted, he found himself looking into the big, doughy face of a man with bad skin. The man's tank-top tee shirt revealed broad, muscular shoulders riddled with acne scars and fresh eruptions. Wendt could almost read the man's history in those scars like a geologist reading strata. The man stood without speaking in the darkness and held out a flat white box on which was printed in blazing red letters, "PIZZA BOX."

It occurred to Wendt all of a sudden that the delivery man was accustomed to generous tips from previous winners of the Pizza Lottery. Just a few days before, driven to desperation, Wendt had rooted beneath the cushions of his couch and easy chair and sifted through detritus of every sort looking for change; he made a roll of the coins he found and exchanged it for a dollar bill, but it was gone now.

The delivery man said in a soft, yet menacing voice, "Wendt?"

Wendt nodded, his empty belly aflutter.

The man thrust the box at Wendt and said, "This is yours."

Without accepting it, Wendt opened a corner of the box and peered in at his pizza. It was red and yellow and bubbled up at him insolently. He said, "I've never won anything before."

"Me neither," the man said.

Wendt asked, "Do you people call the winners of the Pizza Lottery and let them know they've won?"

The man's face turned dark, seeming to recede into the murky hallway. "No," he said with surprising vehemence, given his soft voice. "Show me where it's written we have to give away a pizza every night."

Wendt nodded, not in agreement, but to encourage the man to continue.

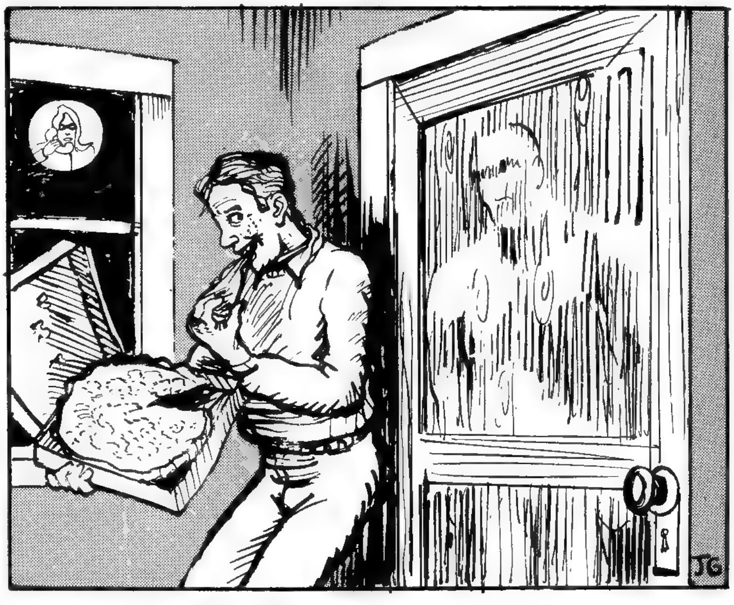
"People die. People move. They don't get the paper. Or they just don't bother to look. That's the way the Law of Averages works. But no, some busybody, some do-gooder looks up all the numbers and calls the winners, and we wind up giving away pizza every night for weeks and weeks."

Wendt didn't see what difference it made, if the Pizza Lottery was a promotion as the merchant had insisted. "Are you the owner of the Pizza Box?" Wendt asked, wondering why the man even cared.

"No," the man said darkly.

"Well, it's certainly nice to know some people still take their work seriously," Wendt said, grabbing the pizza and shutting the door in the man's face. He stood by the door and listened for a moment, and when he didn't hear the man leave, he became alarmed. He couldn't blame the guy for being angry, but was a tip worth fighting for? One heave of those big, pimply shoulders against the door, and Wendt was a goner. Wendt furtively tore off a slice of pizza and began to feed, and the darkness of the summer evening poured in the open windows, bearing with it the sounds of traffic and voices in the street. None of the voices sounded as solemn or deliberate as the lady who had called about the Pizza Lottery. How could she have known he was penniless, pizza-less tonight? No one knew him here except Ralphy and his Mrs. and the two old coots in the tobacco shop, and even they didn't know him well. The lady had done him a good turn, and just because she did it unknowingly didn't mean the good she had done was in any sense diminished. He wished he knew who she was. Then he looked at his hands, smeared with sauce as if he had made an animal sacrifice. Our Lady of the Pizza Lottery. That's what he would call her from now on. He went to the bathroom and wiped his hands on a towel hanging by the sink, then went back to the door, cracked it an inch, and peeked into the hall. No one was there.

Whenever Wendt got his check, it was like magic; his pockets filled with cash, and the misery and deprivation of the preceding days gave way to a less pinched way of life. He began to buy things, including a crumbling piece of carrot cake which he ate on the steps of the courthouse as pigeons pecked at the ground at his feet. At times like this Wendt wanted to indulge himself, not in luxuries, but in something other than necessities, and it was hard to think about providing for the future. He left an



extra quarter with Mrs. Ralphy to cover the cost of yesterday's *Gazette.* The old men were at their usual station, smoking what appeared to be the mummified remains of ancient cigars. A bluish haze swam above their heads, and Wendt held his breath, nodding as he passed, then escaped into the comparatively clean air of Main Street. When he got home, Wendt took off his pants and turned his fresh *Gazette* to the classifieds.

> If your name is Burtle and you live at 109 Magnolia, you have just won a 12″ cheese pizza delivered from the Pizza Box. Call us tonight at 586-7583 to claim your prize. Pizza Lottery.

Wendt could almost see it. A clan of short, round people burtling about in delight and anticipation of their free cheese pizza. If they were better off than him, they could order all the extras. But what if they had no idea the Pizza Lottery existed? Or what if they missed Our Lady of the Pizza Lottery's mercy call, what then?

Wendt was sick of treading on the surface of life's seemingly random events. He decided to strike out on his own, to stick his nose in someone else's business. First he called the Pizza Box and ordered a large pizza with everything on it and a jumbo coke. He set aside a mound of change for the delivery man. Then he looked up the Burtles in the telephone book. Leo P. Burtle lived at 109 Magnolia Terrace. Wendt picked up the phone and dialed, rehearsing what he wanted to say.

Trying to sound sunny, Wendt asked, "Is this the Leo P. Burtle residence?"

"This," the woman on the other end of the line said, "is the home of the late Leo P. Burtle. Mrs. Burtle speaking."

Undeterred, Wendt said, "You've won the Pizza Lottery."

"Oh," the woman said without enthusiasm.

Wendt said, "Look in the newspaper, under the personals. You've won a 12″ cheese pizza."

When she failed to respond, he added, "Free."

Wendt saw that there was more to doing good deeds than he had thought. Rather than prolong the mystery, he said, "My name is Wendt. I won the Pizza Lottery yesterday. A very thoughtful lady called and let me know I had won. Did she call you?"

"No one's called me," the woman said. "How do you spell your name?"

"W-E-N-D-T." He could hear her scribbling on paper. "My number is 586-8513." More scribbling. "Have her call me if she calls. Tell her . . . , well, tell her I'd like to meet her. O.K.?"

An excruciating pause followed.

"O.K.," Wendt said, feeling embarrassed, "that's it, I guess."

They hung up. It hadn't gone as he had hoped it would. He recalled the reserve, the solemn deliberation, the certainty of the Lady. Our Lady of the Pizza Lottery had handled it perfectly, and he, Wendt, had not.

Sometime later a knock at the door alerted him to what he thought was his dinner, so he pulled on his pants. When he opened up, a policeman stepped forward from the shadows. A hint of recognition passed across the policeman's face; they had seen each other many times in passing over the years. Writing tickets, directing traffic, keeping an eye on suspicious characters, the policeman was a familiar of Wendt's, and yet they couldn't say they knew one another.

"Wendt?"

"Yes," Wendt said, doubtfully.

Though he was younger than Wendt, the policeman's eyes and nose were speckled with broken blood vessels like little red insects crawling beneath the surface of his skin. Repelled, Wendt took a step back. The policeman smiled in an insinuating way and said, "We have a report that you made an annoying phonecall to Mrs. Leo P. Burtle tonight."

Wendt said, "I didn't mean to annoy her."

"You admit you called then."

Wendt disliked the genial way the policeman pressed his advantage; he was almost gleeful, like a small-time lawyer playing to the jury. As they stood facing one another, they became aware of another presence in the hallway. They looked behind them and saw the delivery man from the Pizza Box climbing the stairs as quietly as he had gone down them the night before. In his long arms he carried a large pizza and an enormous container of coke.

"I wanted to . . . , I wanted to . . . ," Wendt said, the words dying in his throat. A look passed between the delivery man and the policeman, as if it had long been rumored that Wendt was up to no good, and now, at last, they had proof. The delivery man's scowling face was more intimidating than if he had cursed and made a fist. Wendt said, reluctantly, "I called to let her know she had won a cheese pizza."

Still smiling, the policeman said, "Now tell me, Mr. Wendt, why was it so important for Mrs. Burtle to know she had won this pizza?"

"I called Mrs. Burtle as a favor because someone was kind enough to call me," Wendt explained. "You see, last night *I* won the pizza."

"And someone called you?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Burtle?"

"No."

"Who?"

"A stranger."

"A stranger," the policeman said, seemingly genuinely puzzled. "Now, Mr. Wendt, didn't your mother ever tell you two wrongs don't make a right?"

Now it was Wendt's turn to be puzzled. "Well, sure, but if this business means anything, it means that—sometimes—two rights can make a wrong."

Suddenly, in a voice thick with anger, the delivery man cried out, "It's a conspiracy!"

"Now, now," the policeman said.

"I'm sorry," Wendt said, without really meaning it.

"Do you hear that?" The policeman said to the delivery man. "He sees the error of his ways. And you won't make any more phone calls about pizzas, will you, Mr. Wendt?"

"No sir, I won't."

The delivery man's baleful presence was palpable in the dark hallway like an engine giving off heat but not light. He said, softly and defiantly, "Busybody," and turned to start down the stairs, taking with him the large pizza and jumbo coke. He stopped at the landing below Wendt's floor, and then his voice raced up the stairwell. *"Do-gooder!"*

"My pizza," Wendt said, "my coke."

"We reserve the right," the delivery man shouted, "to refuse anyone service for any reason!"

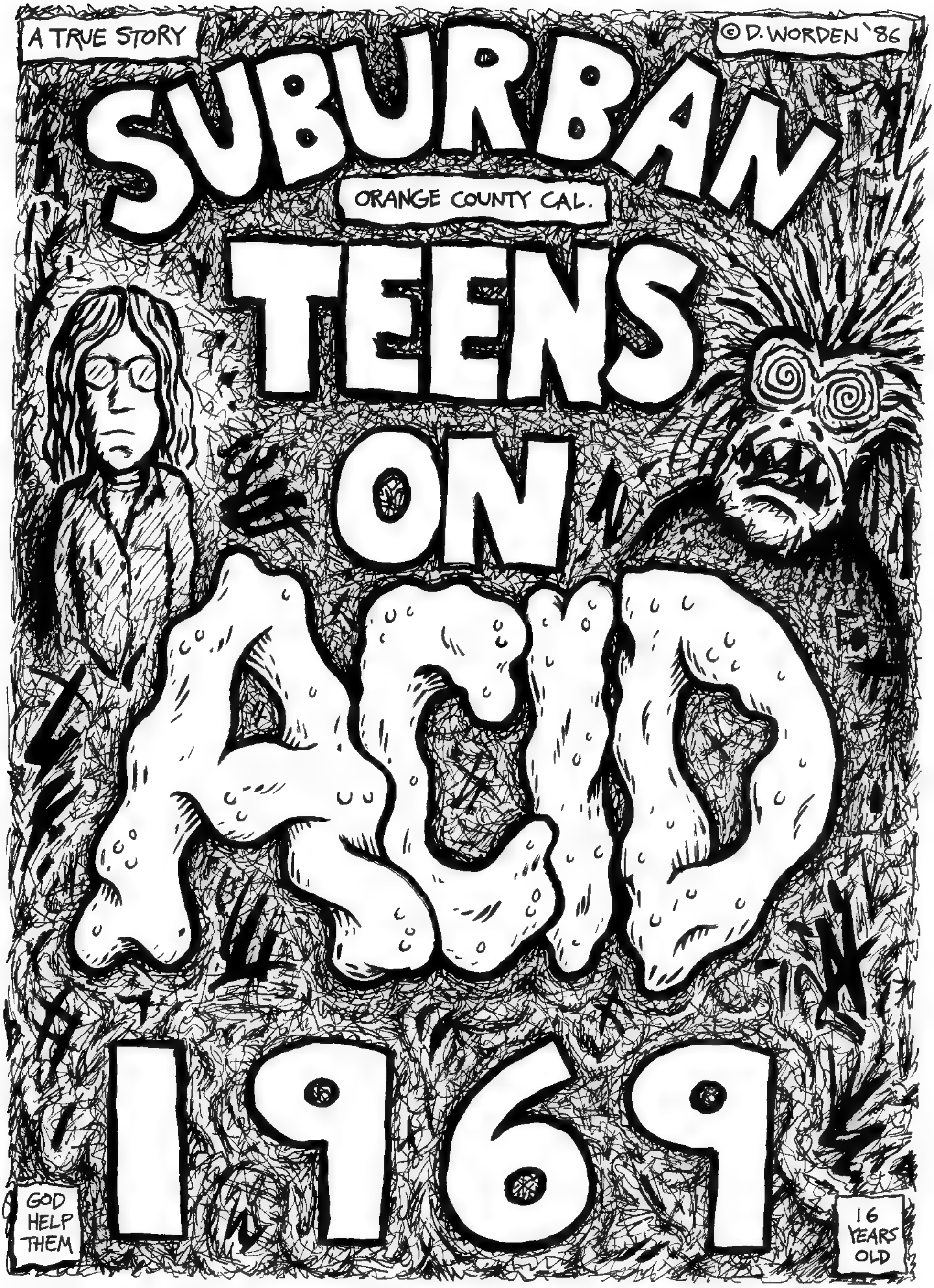
With that, the delivery man left the building. Wendt rushed past the policeman and looked out the hall window where he saw the delivery man drive off in an old post office vehicle which had been painted white and red to match the corporate colors of the Pizza Box.

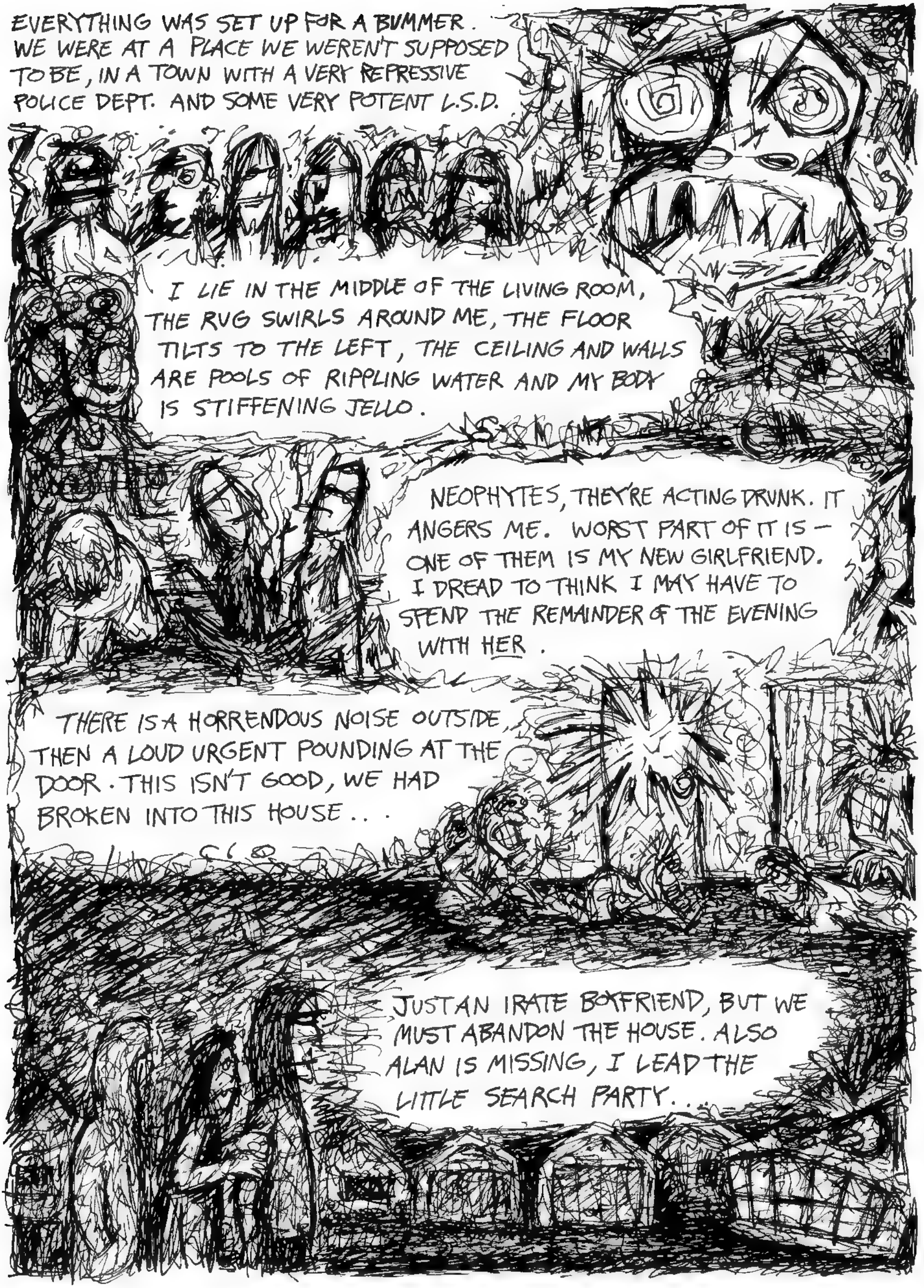
Before he left, the policeman cheerfully hit Wendt up for a dollar. It was for a raffle to raise money for local girls' basketball. Wendt paid without complaining, in part because he was glad the policeman has been there to protect him from Mr. Pizza Box. The policeman understood this and accepted Wendt's donation with a practiced benevolence; their city was a small one, and the people living in it were largely insignificant, and much of what took place on the policeman's watch possessed a high drama and desperation that was as unwarranted as it was familiar.

Wendt shut his door and brooded on the injustice of what had happened to him. He felt deprived, not just of his pizza and coke, but of the opportunity to do someone he didn't know a good turn. He hungered for goodness the way he had hungered for extras on his cheese pizza the night before. Just buying a raffle ticket for a good cause didn't do the trick. And if he won the raffle, what then? A 13″ black and white TV would be his. Somehow it was both too little and too much.

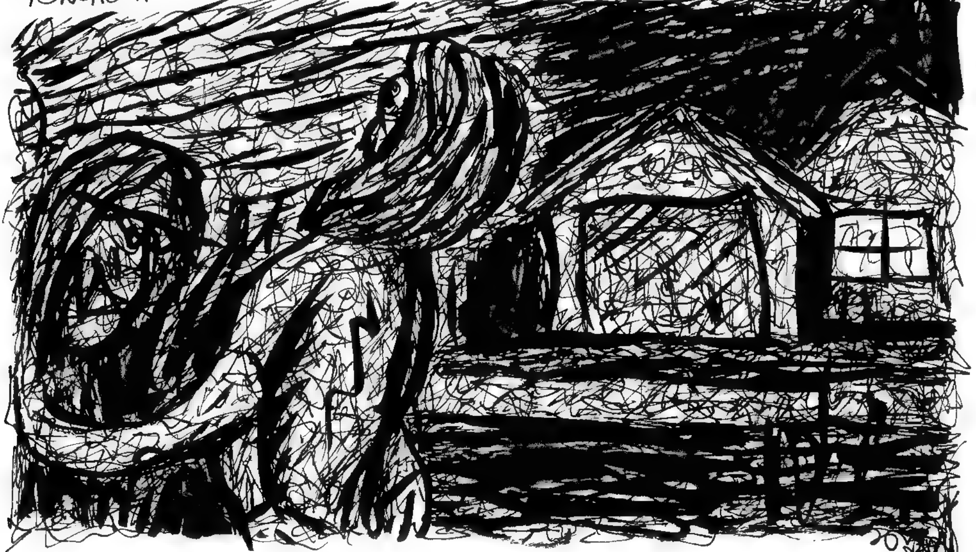
He looked around for his pants until he realized he already had them on. No wonder he felt uncomfortable. Who would listen to his story? Who could understand the consequences of winning the Pizza Lottery? He fled from his apartment and set off for the dim little tobacco shop. Even at that hour, when most people had finished dinner and started drying the dishes, when the debate about what to watch on TV had started in earnest, Wendt knew Ralphy and the Mrs. would be hard at work. They were the guardians of the secret order of the lottery, dispensing luck, both good and bad.

How Wendt wanted to be in that number, when the pizzas rolled through the streets like wheels. Now that he knew he could pick up the phone and do someone a good turn, he felt obligated to take the risk, however small. The summer air rose up from the sidewalk and cooled his burning face as he hurried onward, filled with resolve. In the name of Our Lady of the Pizza Lottery, he made a do-gooder's vow. When doing good, do it solemnly, deliberately, and anonymously. Do it the way the gods do. Don't get caught.

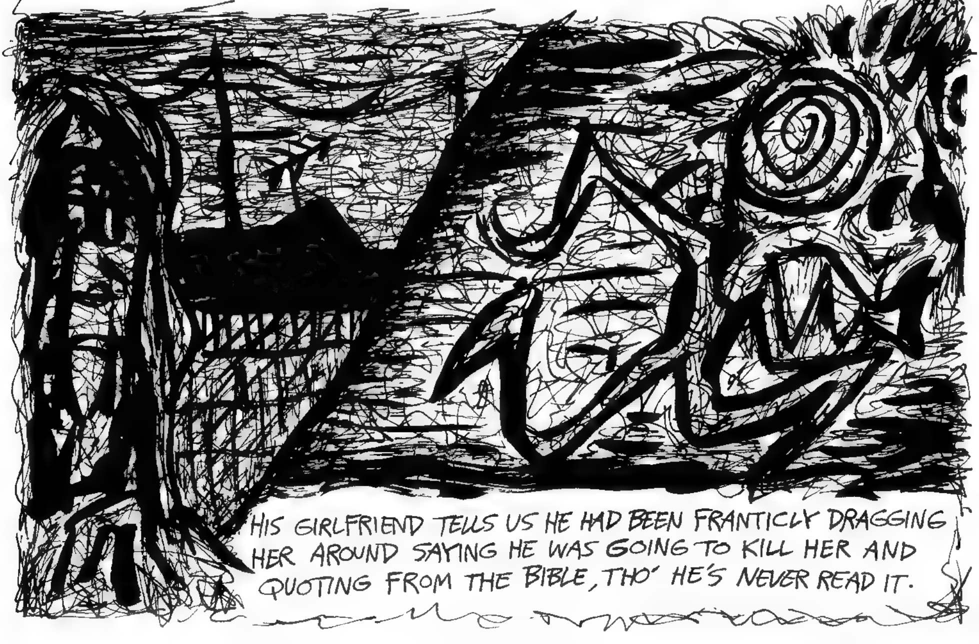

A TRUE STORY
© D. WORDEN '86
SUBURBAN
ORANGE COUNTY CAL.
TEENS
ON
ACID
1969
GOD HELP THEM
16 YEARS OLD


EVERYTHING WAS SET UP FOR A BUMMER. WE WERE AT A PLACE WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE, IN A TOWN WITH A VERY REPRESSIVE POLICE DEPT. AND SOME VERY POTENT L.S.D.
I LIE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVING ROOM, THE RUG SWIRLS AROUND ME, THE FLOOR TILTS TO THE LEFT, THE CEILING AND WALLS ARE POOLS OF RIPPLING WATER AND MY BODY IS STIFFENING JELLO.
NEOPHYTES, THEY'RE ACTING DRUNK. IT ANGERS ME. WORST PART OF IT IS — ONE OF THEM IS MY NEW GIRLFRIEND. I DREAD TO THINK I MAY HAVE TO SPEND THE REMAINDER OF THE EVENING WITH HER.
THERE IS A HORRENDOUS NOISE OUTSIDE, THEN A LOUD URGENT POUNDING AT THE DOOR. THIS ISN'T GOOD, WE HAD BROKEN INTO THIS HOUSE...
JUST AN IRATE BOYFRIEND, BUT WE MUST ABANDON THE HOUSE. ALSO ALAN IS MISSING, I LEAD THE LITTLE SEARCH PARTY...

WE ARE ON FOOT. I KEEP SEEING CAR LIGHTS APPROACHING FROM BEHIND BUT WHEN I TURN AROUND NOTHING IS THERE. I LEARN TO IGNORE IT...

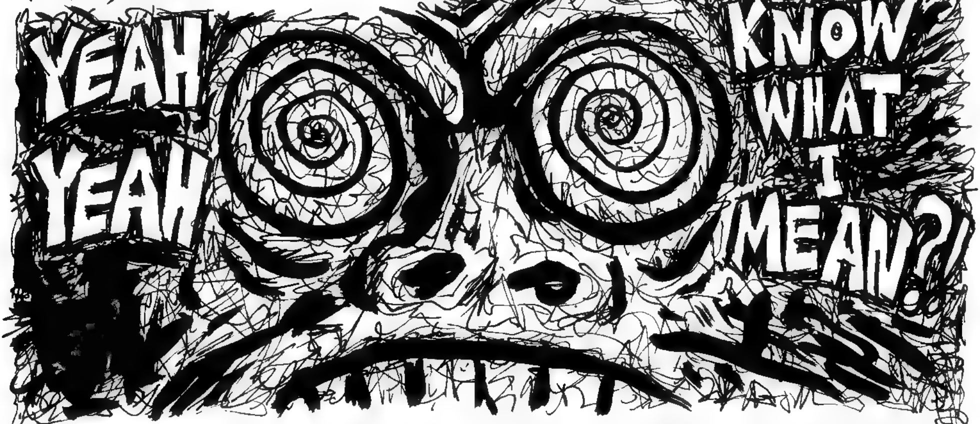


WE FIND ALAN, HE'S FLIPPED-OUT COMPLETELY, HIS FACE INSANE.. HE RUNS AWAY FROM US DOWN THE CENTER OF THE HIGHWAY...

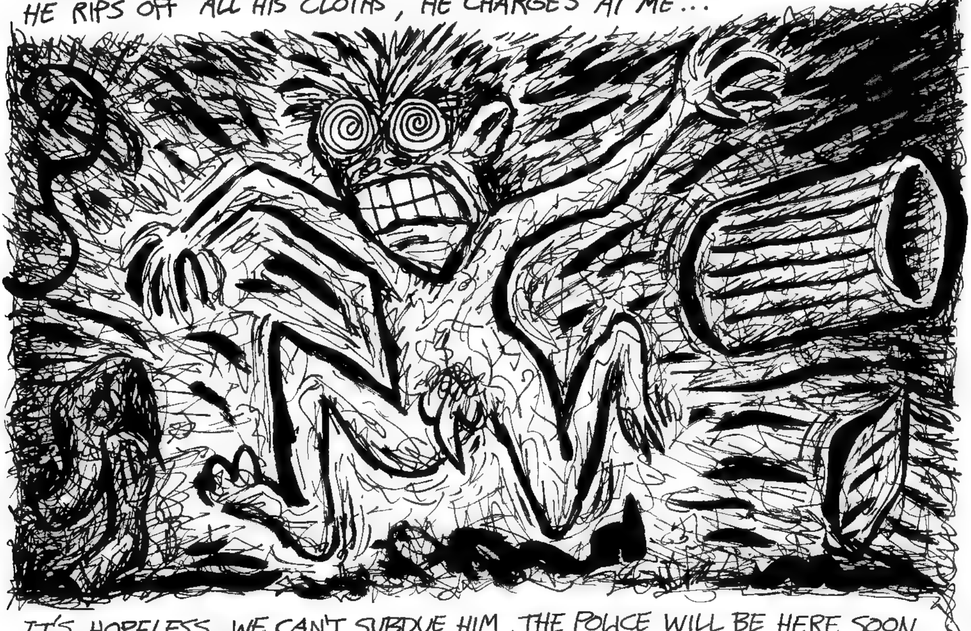


HIS GIRLFRIEND TELLS US HE HAD BEEN FRANTICLY DRAGGING HER AROUND SAYING HE WAS GOING TO KILL HER AND QUOTING FROM THE BIBLE, THO' HE'S NEVER READ IT.

WE CATCH UP WITH ALAN, HE PICKS ME UP BY THE SHIRT COLLAR AND GLARES AT ME WITH RABID INSANITY, FACE DISTORTED, EYES BUGGED. HE SEEMS TO HAVE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. I SAY "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, KILL ME?" HE SAYS...

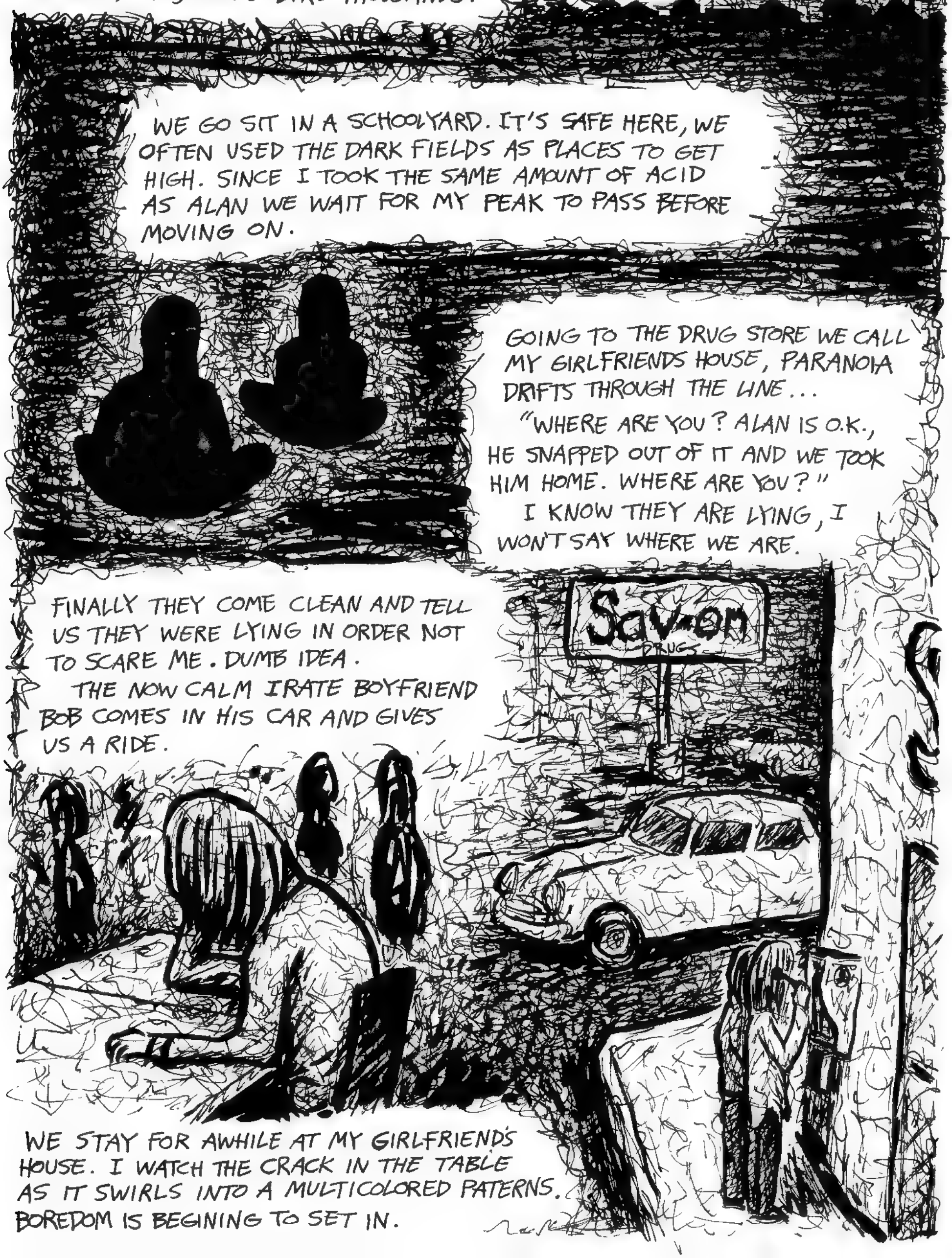


HE PUTS ME DOWN AND RUNS OVER TO A HOUSE. THE SPRINKLER IS RUNNING AND HE STARTS SWINGING IT AROUND. HE RIPS OFF MY GIRLFRIEND'S TOP, HE THROWS SOME TRASH CANS INTO THE STREET, HE RIPS OFF ALL HIS CLOTHS, HE CHARGES AT ME...



IT'S HOPELESS, WE CAN'T SUBDUE HIM, THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON. WE MUST ABANDON ALAN ... ME AND HIS GIRLFRIEND LEAVE QUICKLY

WE ARE ALONE, THE OTHERS TOOK ANOTHER ESCAPE ROUTE. ONLY ONE BLOCK AWAY AND ALREADY WE HEAR THE SIRENS COMING, IT SOUNDS LIKE THOUSANDS.



WE GO SIT IN A SCHOOLYARD. IT'S SAFE HERE, WE OFTEN USED THE DARK FIELDS AS PLACES TO GET HIGH. SINCE I TOOK THE SAME AMOUNT OF ACID AS ALAN WE WAIT FOR MY PEAK TO PASS BEFORE MOVING ON.

GOING TO THE DRUG STORE WE CALL MY GIRLFRIENDS HOUSE, PARANOIA DRIFTS THROUGH THE LINE...

"WHERE ARE YOU? ALAN IS O.K., HE SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND WE TOOK HIM HOME. WHERE ARE YOU?"

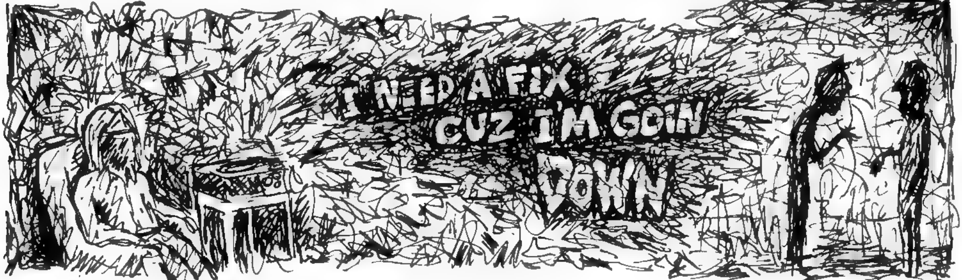
I KNOW THEY ARE LYING, I WON'T SAY WHERE WE ARE.

FINALLY THEY COME CLEAN AND TELL US THEY WERE LYING IN ORDER NOT TO SCARE ME. DUMB IDEA.

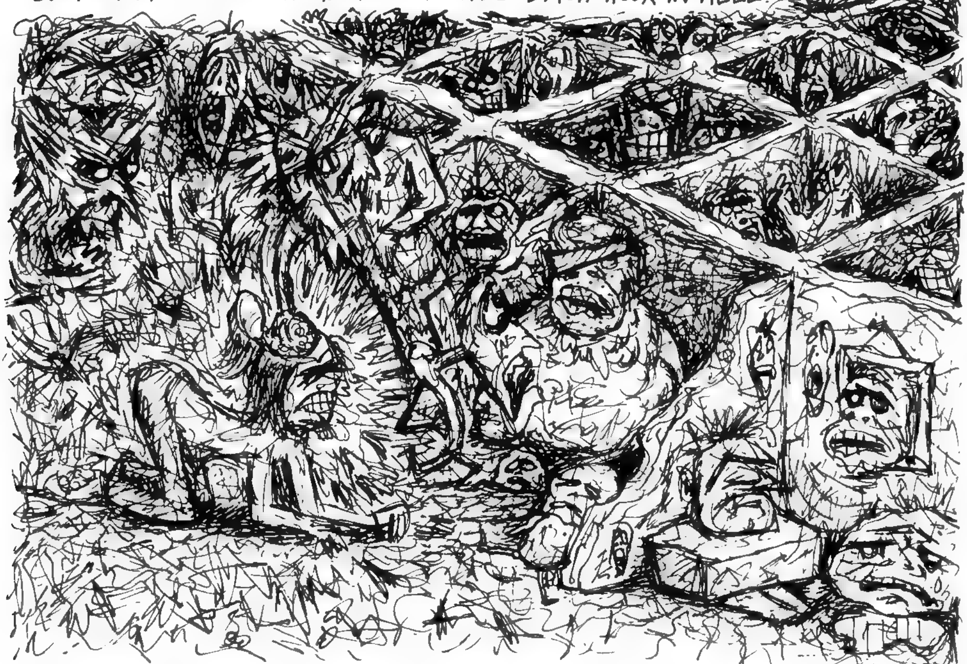
THE NOW CALM IRATE BOYFRIEND BOB COMES IN HIS CAR AND GIVES US A RIDE.

WE STAY FOR AWHILE AT MY GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE. I WATCH THE CRACK IN THE TABLE AS IT SWIRLS INTO A MULTICOLORED PATERNS. BOREDOM IS BEGINING TO SET IN.

US MALES MUST LEAVE, MOTHER IS DUE HOME. BOB INVITES ME TO CRASH AT HIS FRIENDS HOUSE. THERE ARE SEVERAL GUYS THERE, ALL ON UPPERS. THEY KEEP PLAYING THE BEATLES WHITE ALBUM OVER AND OVER ON A VERY CHEAP RECORD PLAYER. IT SOUNDS HORRID... I FEEL HORRID.


I NEED A FIX CUZ I'M GOIN DOWN

1,000 YEARS LATER I'M THROWN A BLANKET AND I LIE ON THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR. MY SEVERELY BURNT-OUT BRAIN IS SCREAMING FOR SLEEP BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. TIME CRAWLS SLOWLY ON AN OCEAN OF BROKEN GLASS. A CLOCK'S CHIME PUNCTUATES EACH HOUR IN HELL.

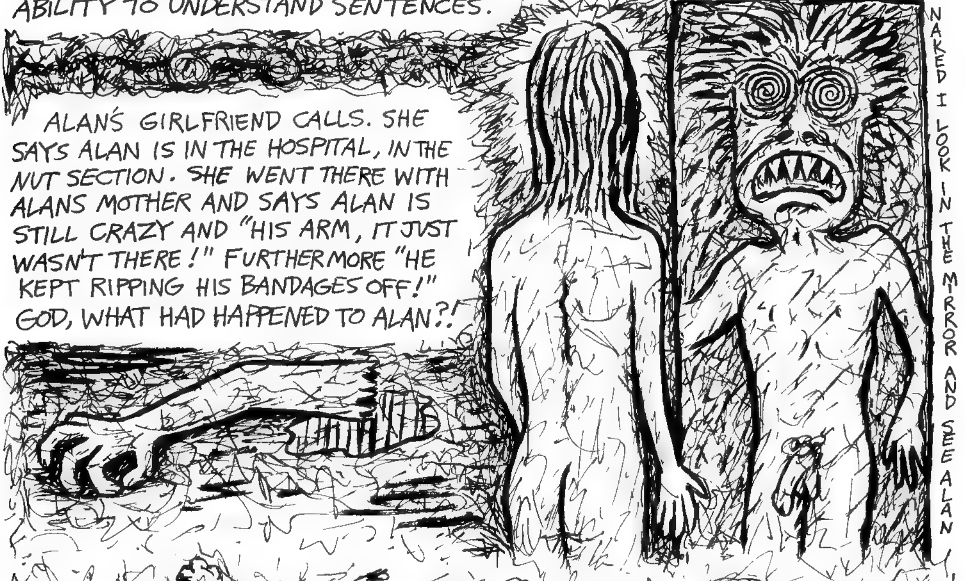


IN WAKING NIGHTMARES I ENTER A UNIVERSE OF ANXIETY AND DREAD. IT'S LIKE AN INFINITY OF ROOMS EACH CONTAINING A SEPARATE MICROCOSM OF MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL TORMENT. NOTHING ELSE EXISTS. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS PLEASURE OR HOPE OR LOVE. ALL IS PAIN.

AN ETERNITY LATER

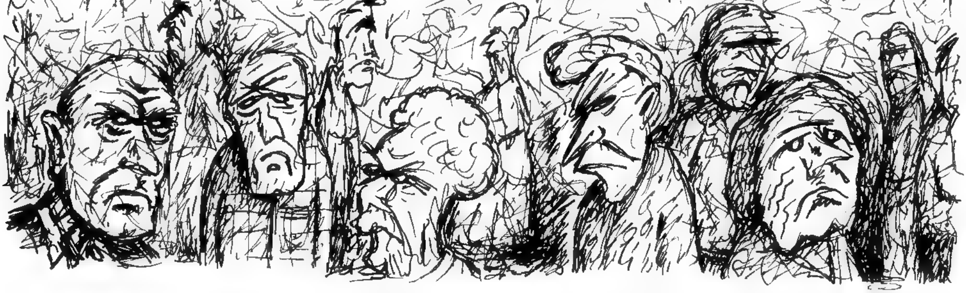
MORNING COMES, THE PSYCHIC BEATING OVER. I AM PULVERIZED. MY MIND IS HAVING TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING SPEECH. SENTENCES ARE GIBBERISH BUT I CAN CATCH THE MEANING OF SINGLE WORDS. WAS OUR L.S.D. SOME OTHER STRANGE CHEMICAL THAT HAS DAMAGED PERMANENTLY MY BRAIN AND ALANS?

I'M NOT READY TO GO HOME QUITE YET, A THIRD DEGREE MAY BE WAITING. I GO WITH BOB TO HIS HOUSE. THANKFULLY A SHOWER SOMEHOW RESTORES MY ABILITY TO UNDERSTAND SENTENCES.



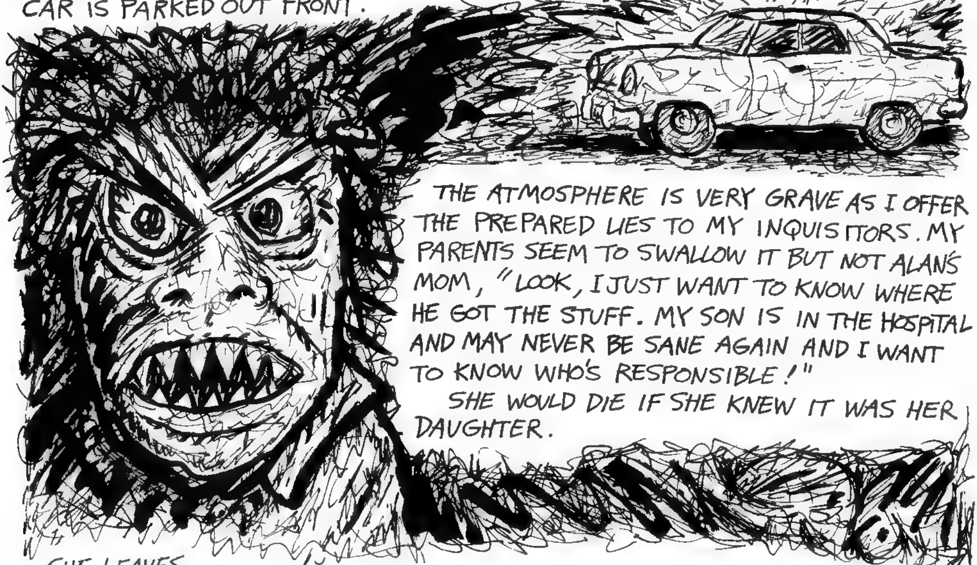
NAKED I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND SEE ALAN!

ALAN'S GIRLFRIEND CALLS. SHE SAYS ALAN IS IN THE HOSPITAL, IN THE NUT SECTION. SHE WENT THERE WITH ALANS MOTHER AND SAYS ALAN IS STILL CRAZY AND "HIS ARM, IT JUST WASN'T THERE!" FURTHERMORE "HE KEPT RIPPING HIS BANDAGES OFF!" GOD, WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ALAN?!



I GO WITH BOB AND HIS MOTHER TO MONTGOMERY WARD. SHE IS BUYING SOME MATERIAL TO MAKE BOB A "HIPPIE" SHIRT. I'M STILL FAIRLY STONED ON THE L.S.D.. EVERYONE IN THE STORE HAS THE SAME VERY GLUM EXPRESSION. THEIR BUMMER LOOKS WORSE THAN MINE. WHAT KIND OF HELL ARE THEY ALL IN?

MY FACULTIES SEEM RECOVERED ENOUGH SO I GO HOME. ALAN'S MOTHER'S CAR IS PARKED OUT FRONT.

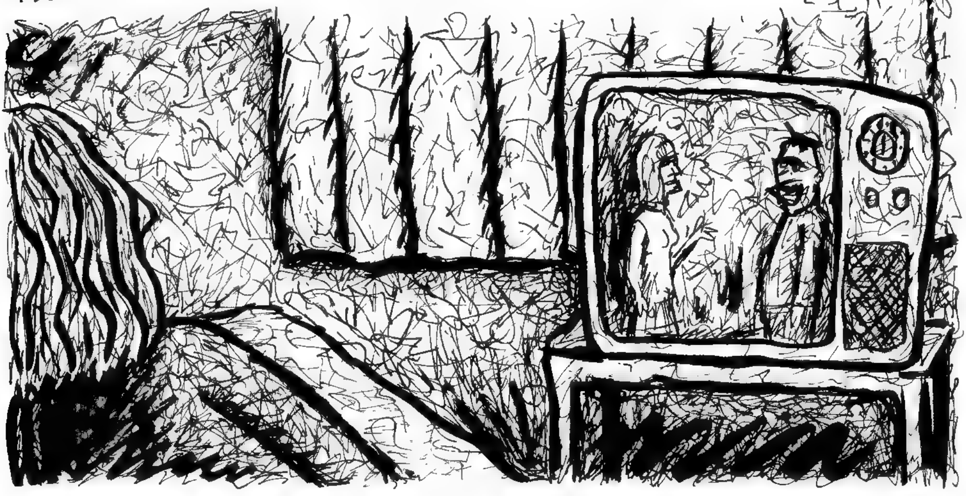


THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY GRAVE AS I OFFER THE PREPARED LIES TO MY INQUISITORS. MY PARENTS SEEM TO SWALLOW IT BUT NOT ALAN'S MOM, "LOOK, I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE HE GOT THE STUFF. MY SON IS IN THE HOSPITAL AND MAY NEVER BE SANE AGAIN AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!"

SHE WOULD DIE IF SHE KNEW IT WAS HER DAUGHTER.

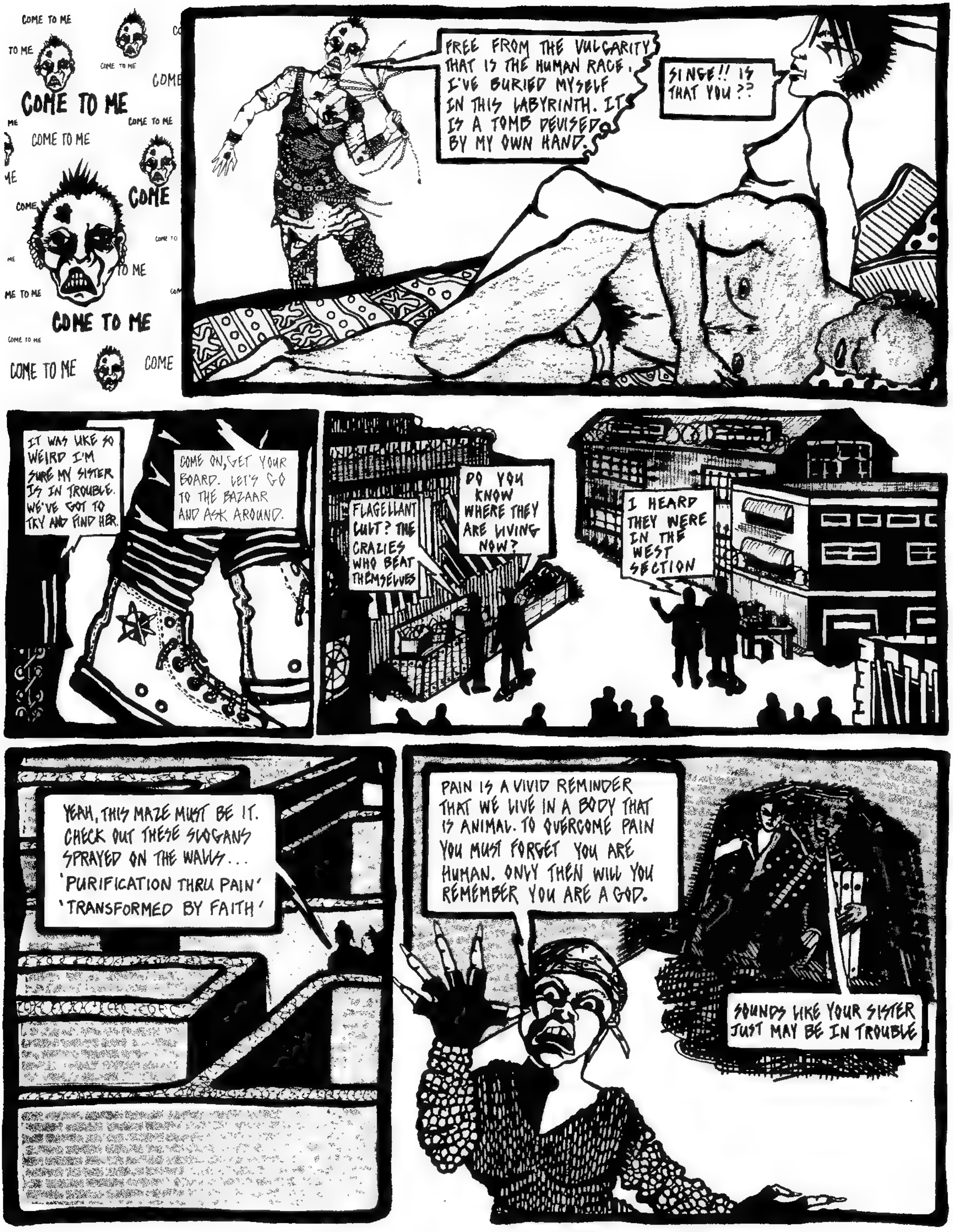
SHE LEAVES.

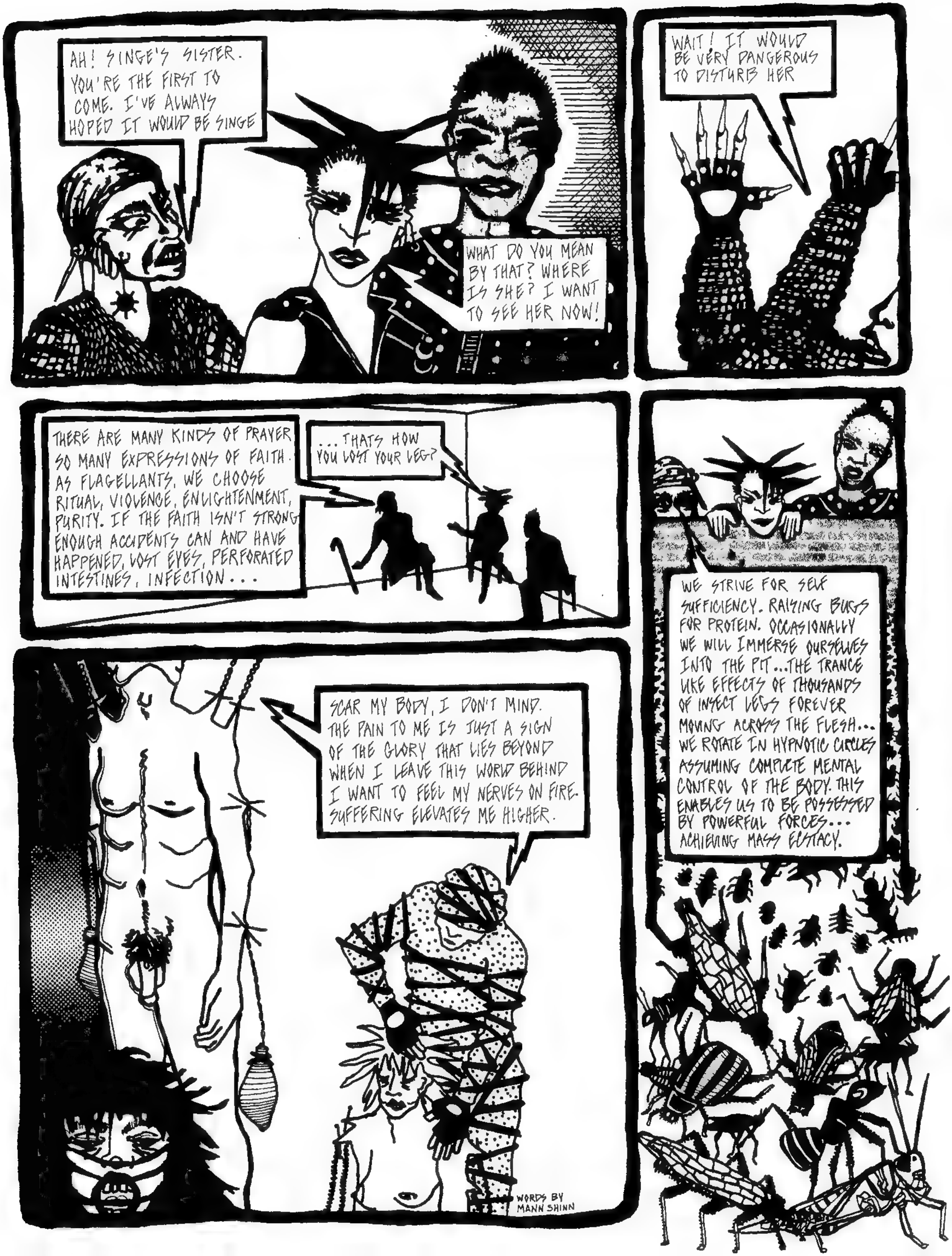
I GO INTO MY ROOM, NERVES ARE SHOT, I FEEL LIKE I MAY FALL APART AT ANY SECOND. I TRY TO WATCH T.V. BUT IT IS TOO WEIRD AND MAKES ME FEEL LIKE CRYING. SO I TURN IT OFF AND...SLEEP.

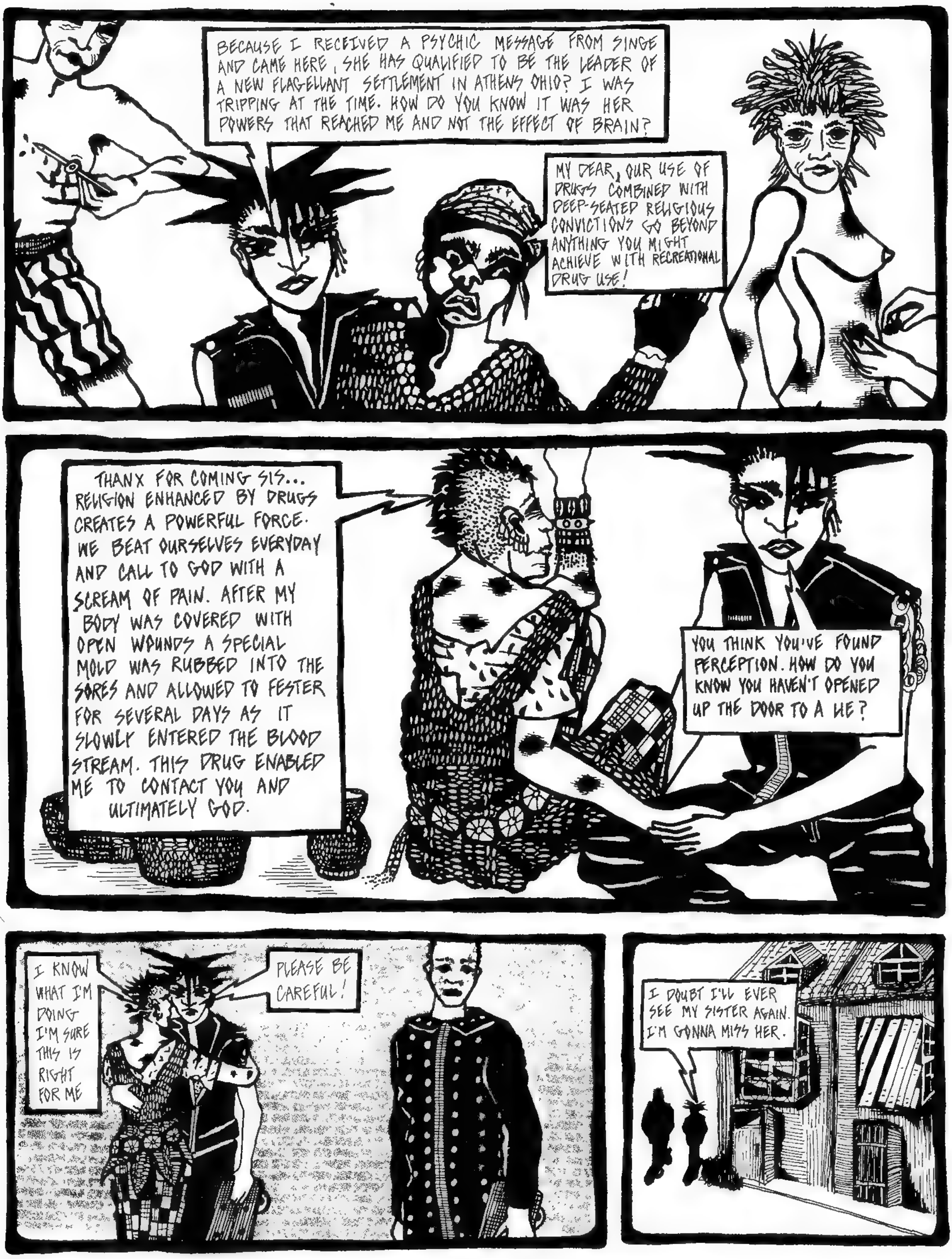


THE NEXT DAY I FIND OUT THAT ALAN IS AND WAS FINE. BOTH ARMS ARE STILL ATTACHED, HE ONLY CUT HIS WRISTS BREAKING SOME WINDOWS. A SHOT OF THORAZINE HAD BROUGHT HIM DOWN THAT NIGHT AND HE HAD SLEPT LIKE A BABY. I NEVER FOUND OUT WHY I WAS GIVEN SUCH BOGUS INFORMATION.

—THE END


COME TO ME
TO ME
COME TO ME
COME
COME TO ME
ME
COME TO ME
COME TO ME
ME
COME
COME
COME TO
ME
TO ME
ME TO ME
COME TO ME
COME TO ME
COME TO ME
COME
FREE FROM THE VULGARITY THAT IS THE HUMAN RACE. I'VE BURIED MYSELF IN THIS LABYRINTH. IT IS A TOMB DEVISED BY MY OWN HAND.
SINGE!! IS THAT YOU ??
IT WAS LIKE SO WEIRD I'M SURE MY SISTER IS IN TROUBLE. WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND FIND HER.
COME ON, GET YOUR BOARD. LET'S GO TO THE BAZAAR AND ASK AROUND.
FLAGELLANT CULT? THE CRAZIES WHO BEAT THEMSELVES
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE LIVING NOW?
I HEARD THEY WERE IN THE WEST SECTION
YEAH, THIS MAZE MUST BE IT. CHECK OUT THESE SLOGANS SPRAYED ON THE WALLS... 'PURIFICATION THRU PAIN' 'TRANSFORMED BY FAITH'
PAIN IS A VIVID REMINDER THAT WE LIVE IN A BODY THAT IS ANIMAL. TO OVERCOME PAIN YOU MUST FORGET YOU ARE HUMAN. ONLY THEN WILL YOU REMEMBER YOU ARE A GOD.
SOUNDS LIKE YOUR SISTER JUST MAY BE IN TROUBLE

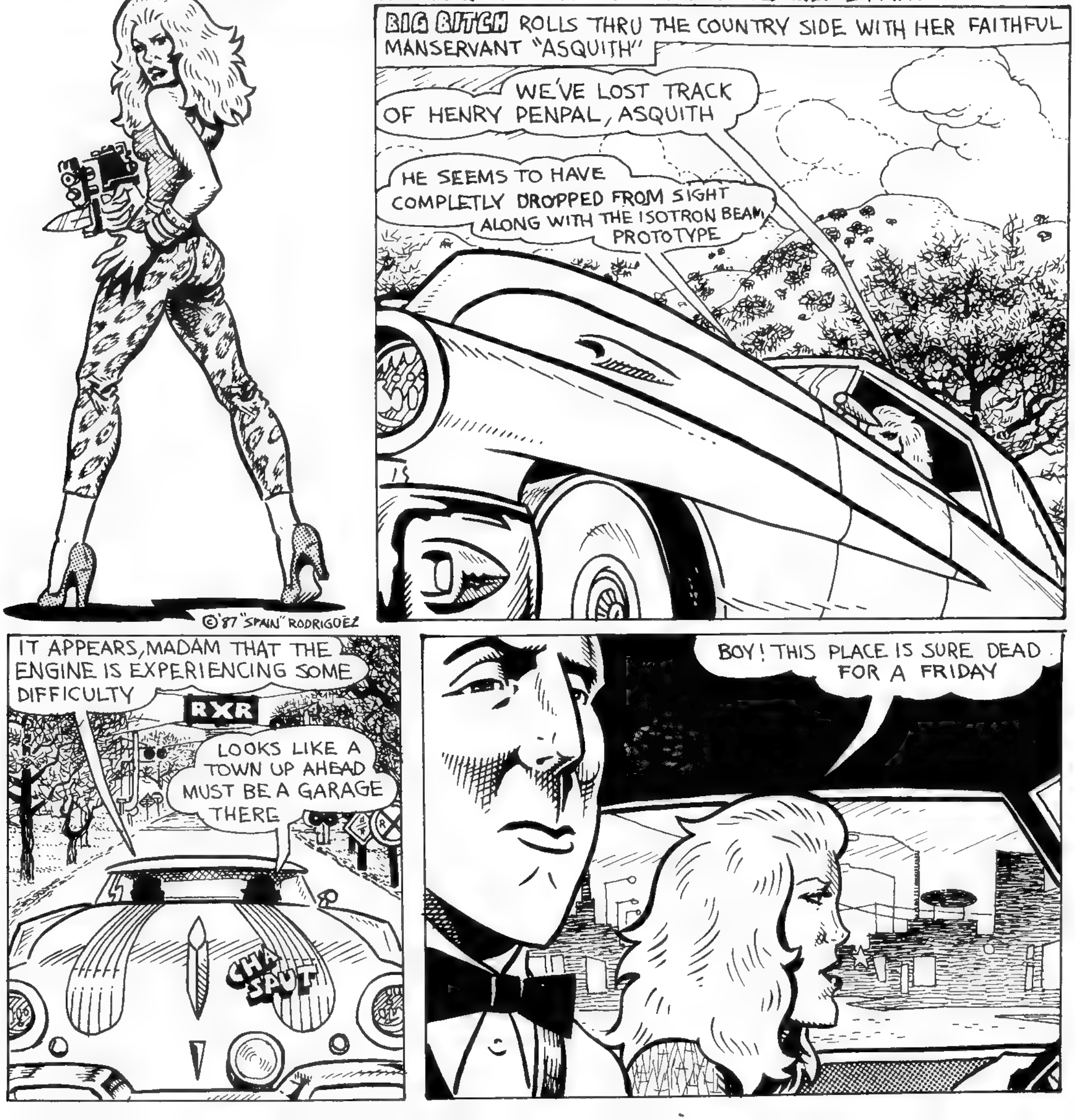

AH! SINGE'S SISTER. YOU'RE THE FIRST TO COME. I'VE ALWAYS HOPED IT WOULD BE SINGE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? WHERE IS SHE? I WANT TO SEE HER NOW!
WAIT! IT WOULD BE VERY DANGEROUS TO DISTURB HER
THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF PRAYER SO MANY EXPRESSIONS OF FAITH. AS FLAGELLANTS, WE CHOOSE RITUAL, VIOLENCE, ENLIGHTENMENT, PURITY. IF THE FAITH ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH ACCIDENTS CAN AND HAVE HAPPENED, LOST EYES, PERFORATED INTESTINES, INFECTION...
...THATS HOW YOU LOST YOUR LEG?
WE STRIVE FOR SELF SUFFICIENCY. RAISING BUGS FOR PROTEIN. OCCASIONALLY WE WILL IMMERSE OURSELVES INTO THE PIT...THE TRANCE LIKE EFFECTS OF THOUSANDS OF INSECT LEGS FOREVER MOVING ACROSS THE FLESH... WE ROTATE IN HYPNOTIC CIRCLES ASSUMING COMPLETE MENTAL CONTROL OF THE BODY. THIS ENABLES US TO BE POSSESSED BY POWERFUL FORCES... ACHIEVING MASS ECSTACY.
SCAR MY BODY, I DON'T MIND. THE PAIN TO ME IS JUST A SIGN OF THE GLORY THAT LIES BEYOND WHEN I LEAVE THIS WORLD BEHIND I WANT TO FEEL MY NERVES ON FIRE. SUFFERING ELEVATES ME HIGHER.
WORDS BY MANN SHINN

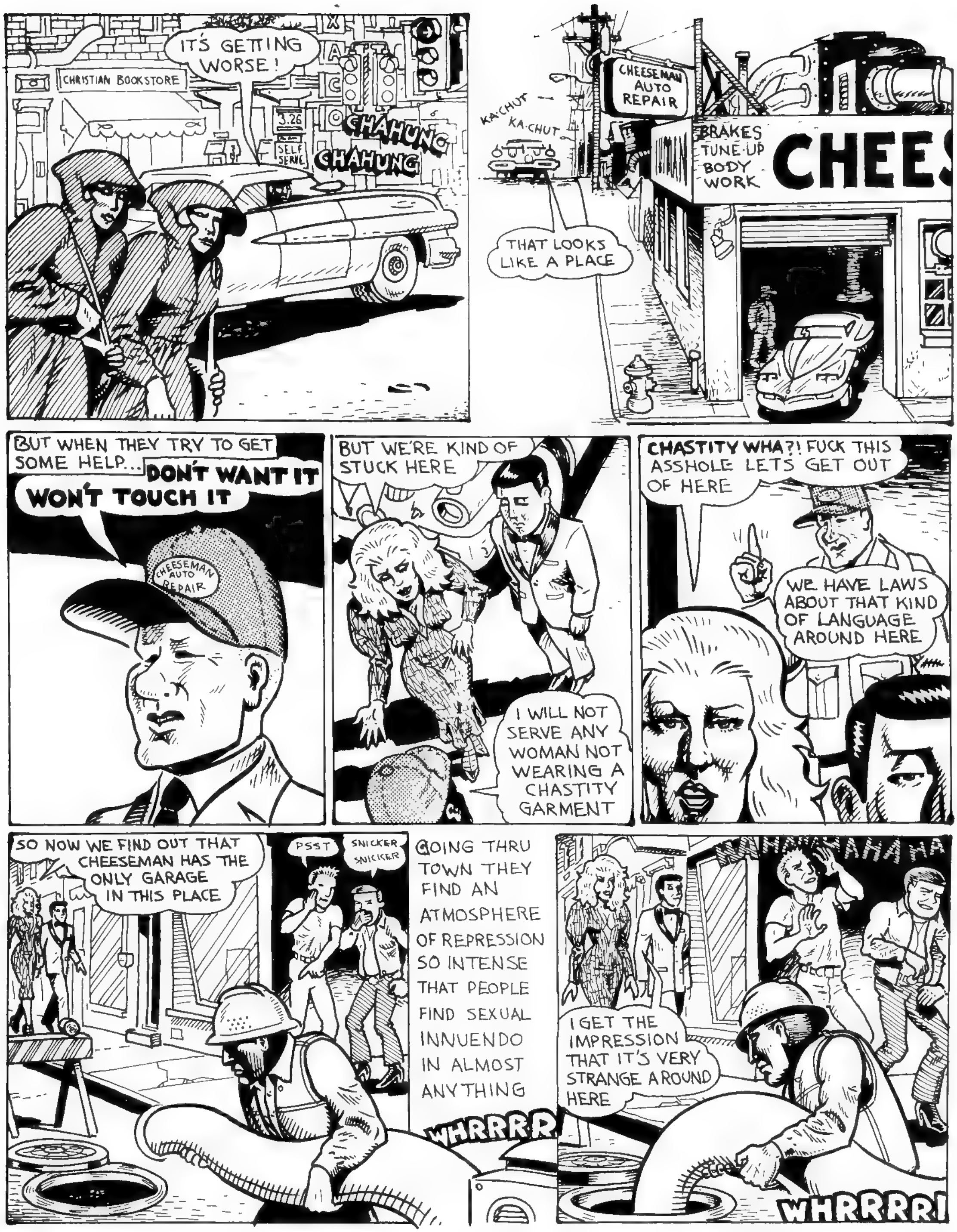

BECAUSE I RECEIVED A PSYCHIC MESSAGE FROM SINGE AND CAME HERE, SHE HAS QUALIFIED TO BE THE LEADER OF A NEW FLAGELLANT SETTLEMENT IN ATHENS OHIO? I WAS TRIPPING AT THE TIME. HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS HER POWERS THAT REACHED ME AND NOT THE EFFECT OF BRAIN?
MY DEAR, OUR USE OF DRUGS COMBINED WITH DEEP-SEATED RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS GO BEYOND ANYTHING YOU MIGHT ACHIEVE WITH RECREATIONAL DRUG USE!
THANX FOR COMING SIS... RELIGION ENHANCED BY DRUGS CREATES A POWERFUL FORCE. WE BEAT OURSELVES EVERYDAY AND CALL TO GOD WITH A SCREAM OF PAIN. AFTER MY BODY WAS COVERED WITH OPEN WOUNDS A SPECIAL MOLD WAS RUBBED INTO THE SORES AND ALLOWED TO FESTER FOR SEVERAL DAYS AS IT SLOWLY ENTERED THE BLOOD STREAM. THIS DRUG ENABLED ME TO CONTACT YOU AND ULTIMATELY GOD.
YOU THINK YOU'VE FOUND PERCEPTION. HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T OPENED UP THE DOOR TO A LIE?
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING I'M SURE THIS IS RIGHT FOR ME
PLEASE BE CAREFUL!
I DOUBT I'LL EVER SEE MY SISTER AGAIN. I'M GONNA MISS HER.

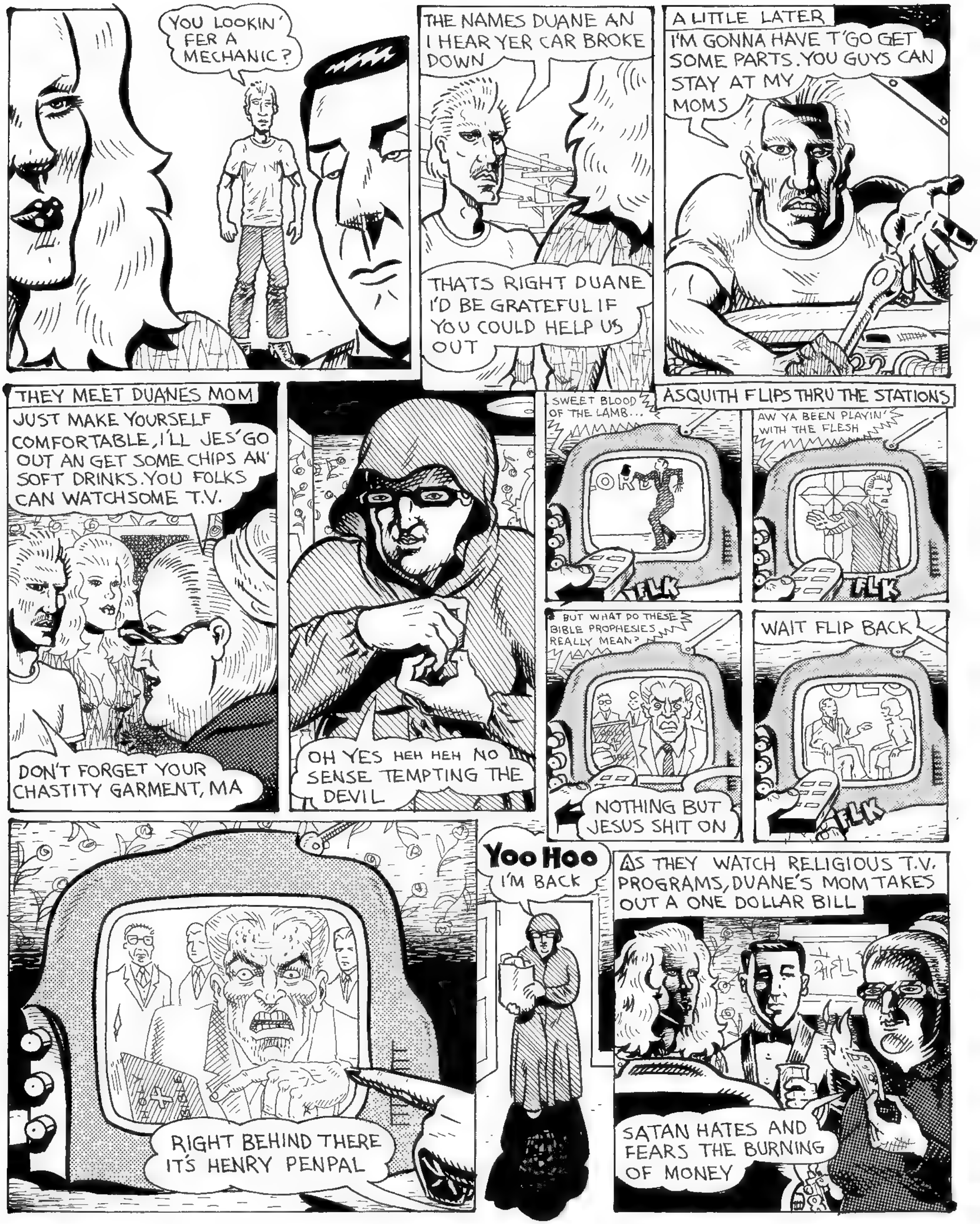
DON'T FUCK WITH...

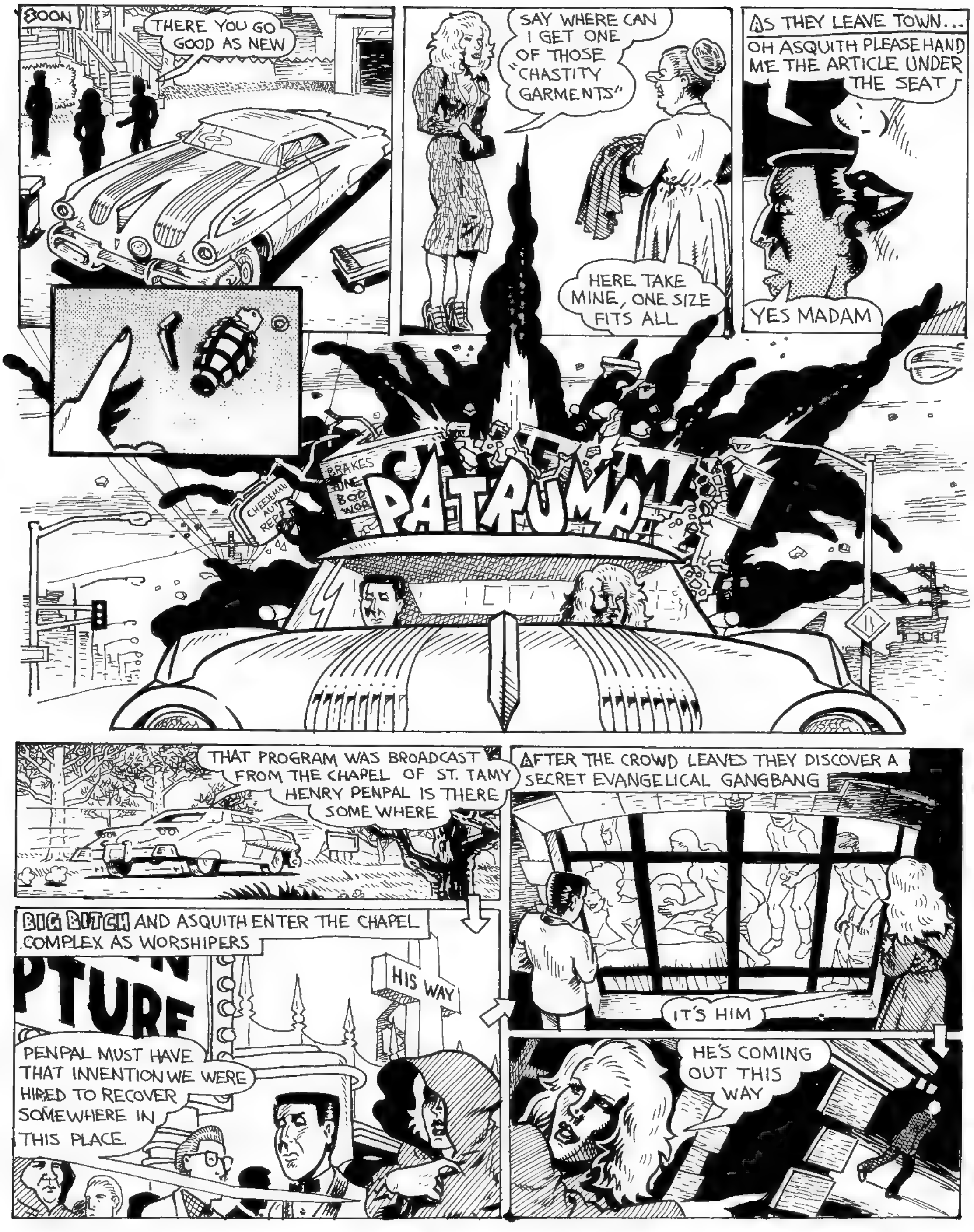
BIG BITCH

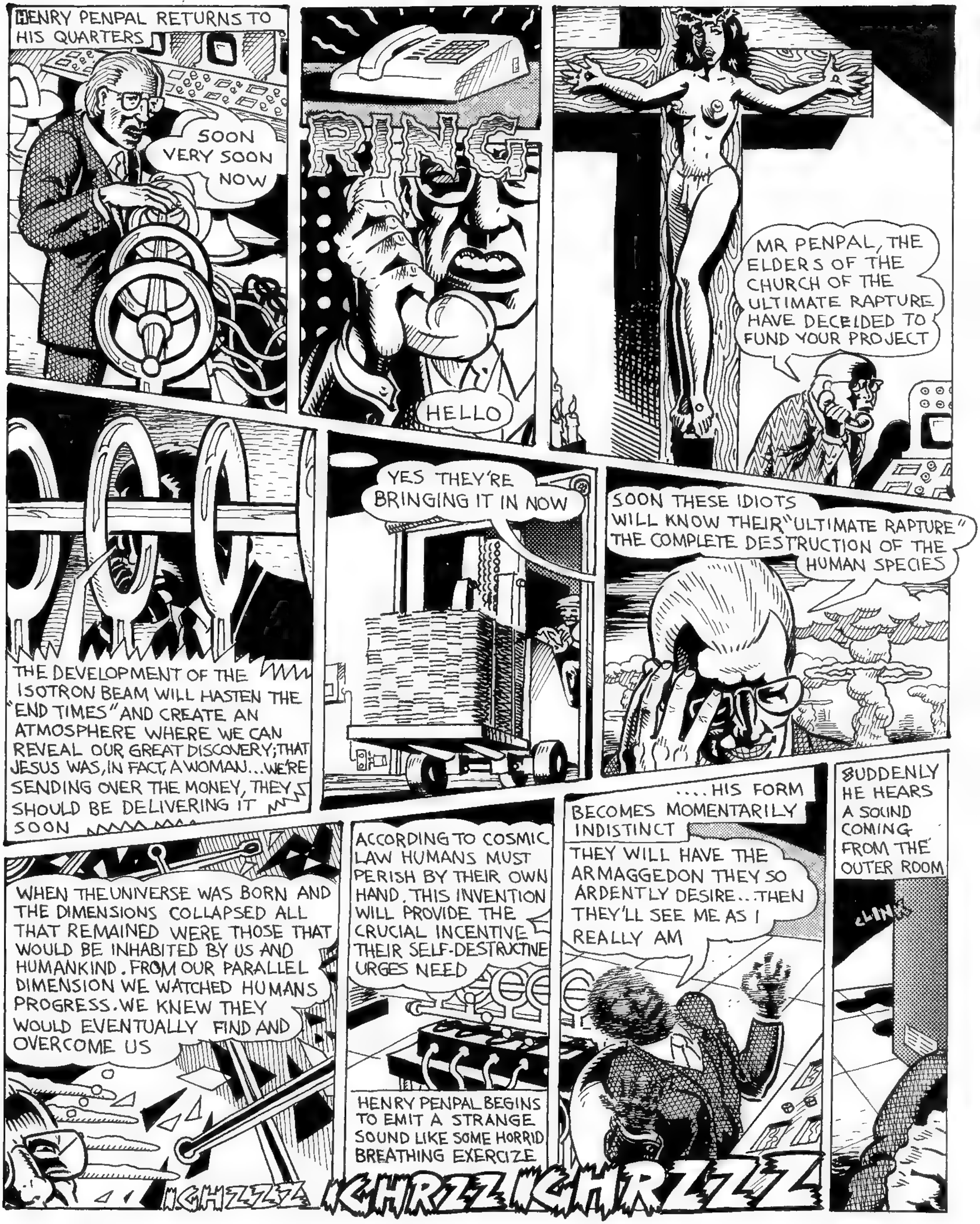
WRITTEN: ALGERNON BACKWASH **DRAWN**: SPAIN

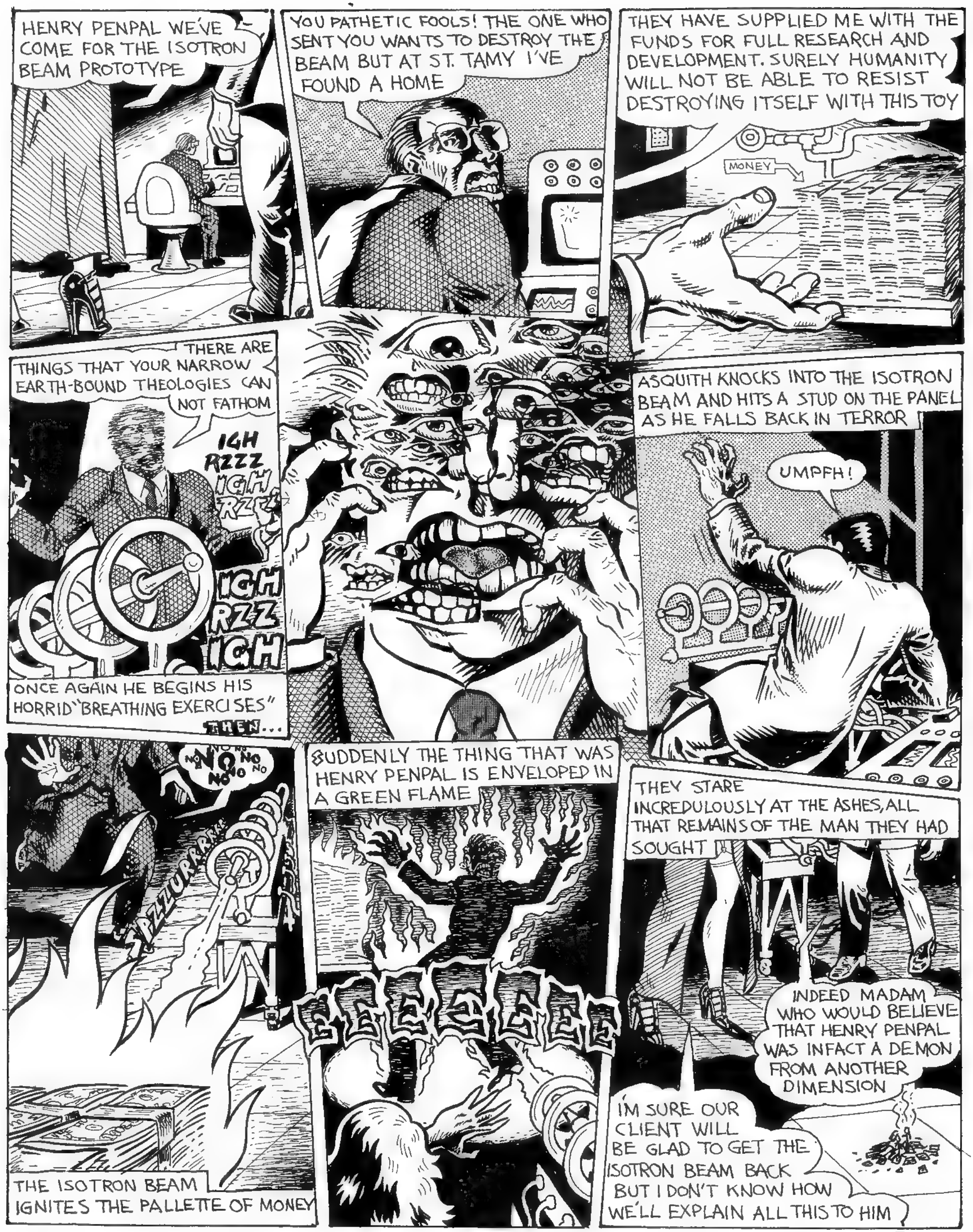

©'87 "SPAIN" RODRIGUEZ
BIG BITCH ROLLS THRU THE COUNTRY SIDE WITH HER FAITHFUL MANSERVANT "ASQUITH"
WE'VE LOST TRACK OF HENRY PENPAL, ASQUITH
HE SEEMS TO HAVE COMPLETLY DROPPED FROM SIGHT ALONG WITH THE ISOTRON BEAM PROTOTYPE
IT APPEARS, MADAM THAT THE ENGINE IS EXPERIENCING SOME DIFFICULTY
RXR
LOOKS LIKE A TOWN UP AHEAD MUST BE A GARAGE THERE
CHA SPUT
BOY! THIS PLACE IS SURE DEAD FOR A FRIDAY


CHRISTIAN BOOKSTORE
IT'S GETTING WORSE!
3.26
SELF SERVE
CHAHUNG
CHAHUNG
KA-CHUT
KA-CHUT
CHEESEMAN AUTO REPAIR
BRAKES TUNE-UP BODY WORK
CHEES
THAT LOOKS LIKE A PLACE
BUT WHEN THEY TRY TO GET SOME HELP...
DON'T WANT IT
WON'T TOUCH IT
CHEESEMAN AUTO REPAIR
BUT WE'RE KIND OF STUCK HERE
I WILL NOT SERVE ANY WOMAN NOT WEARING A CHASTITY GARMENT
CHASTITY WHA?! FUCK THIS ASSHOLE LETS GET OUT OF HERE
WE HAVE LAWS ABOUT THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE AROUND HERE
SO NOW WE FIND OUT THAT CHEESEMAN HAS THE ONLY GARAGE IN THIS PLACE
PSST
SNICKER SNICKER
GOING THRU TOWN THEY FIND AN ATMOSPHERE OF REPRESSION SO INTENSE THAT PEOPLE FIND SEXUAL INNUENDO IN ALMOST ANYTHING
WHRRRR
HAHAHAHAHA HA
I GET THE IMPRESSION THAT IT'S VERY STRANGE AROUND HERE
WHRRRRR


YOU LOOKIN' FER A MECHANIC?
THE NAMES DUANE AN I HEAR YER CAR BROKE DOWN
THATS RIGHT DUANE I'D BE GRATEFUL IF YOU COULD HELP US OUT
A LITTLE LATER
I'M GONNA HAVE T'GO GET SOME PARTS. YOU GUYS CAN STAY AT MY MOMS
THEY MEET DUANES MOM
JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, I'LL JES' GO OUT AN GET SOME CHIPS AN' SOFT DRINKS. YOU FOLKS CAN WATCH SOME T.V.
DON'T FORGET YOUR CHASTITY GARMENT, MA
OH YES HEH HEH NO SENSE TEMPTING THE DEVIL
ASQUITH FLIPS THRU THE STATIONS
SWEET BLOOD OF THE LAMB...
FLK
AW YA BEEN PLAYIN' WITH THE FLESH
FLK
BUT WHAT DO THESE BIBLE PROPHESIES REALLY MEAN?
NOTHING BUT JESUS SHIT ON
WAIT FLIP BACK
FLK
RIGHT BEHIND THERE IT'S HENRY PENPAL
YOO HOO I'M BACK
AS THEY WATCH RELIGIOUS T.V. PROGRAMS, DUANE'S MOM TAKES OUT A ONE DOLLAR BILL
SATAN HATES AND FEARS THE BURNING OF MONEY


SOON
THERE YOU GO GOOD AS NEW
SAY WHERE CAN I GET ONE OF THOSE "CHASTITY GARMENTS"
HERE TAKE MINE, ONE SIZE FITS ALL
AS THEY LEAVE TOWN...
OH ASQUITH PLEASE HAND ME THE ARTICLE UNDER THE SEAT
YES MADAM
BRAKES
TUNE
BOD
WOR
CHEESEMAN AUT REP
PATRUMA!
THAT PROGRAM WAS BROADCAST FROM THE CHAPEL OF ST. TAMY HENRY PENPAL IS THERE SOME WHERE
BIG BITCH AND ASQUITH ENTER THE CHAPEL COMPLEX AS WORSHIPERS
PTURE
HIS WAY
PENPAL MUST HAVE THAT INVENTION WE WERE HIRED TO RECOVER SOMEWHERE IN THIS PLACE
AFTER THE CROWD LEAVES THEY DISCOVER A SECRET EVANGELICAL GANGBANG
IT'S HIM
HE'S COMING OUT THIS WAY

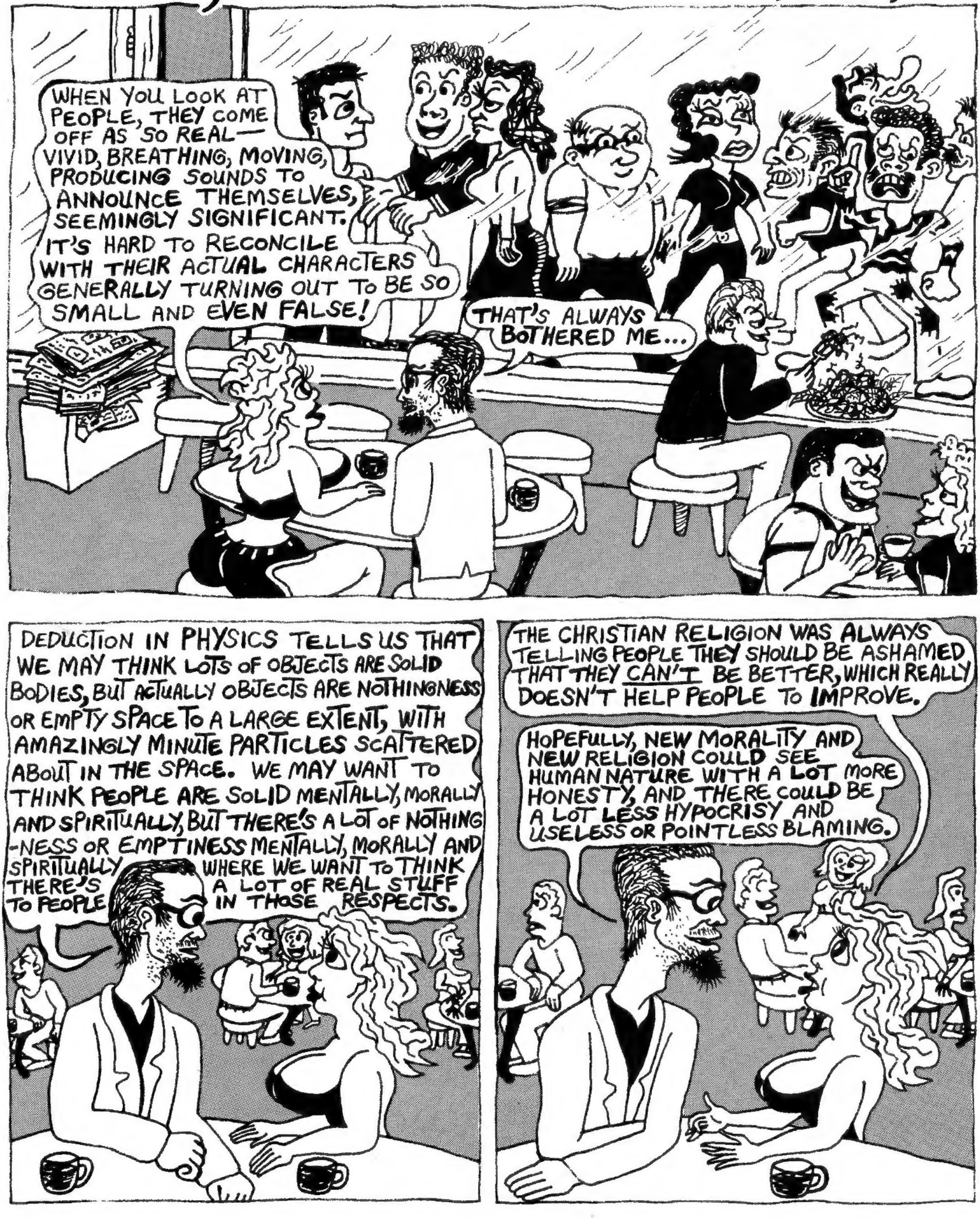

HENRY PENPAL RETURNS TO HIS QUARTERS
SOON VERY SOON NOW
RING
HELLO
MR PENPAL, THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH OF THE ULTIMATE RAPTURE HAVE DECEIDED TO FUND YOUR PROJECT
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ISOTRON BEAM WILL HASTEN THE "END TIMES" AND CREATE AN ATMOSPHERE WHERE WE CAN REVEAL OUR GREAT DISCOVERY; THAT JESUS WAS, IN FACT, A WOMAN... WE'RE SENDING OVER THE MONEY, THEY SHOULD BE DELIVERING IT SOON
YES THEY'RE BRINGING IT IN NOW
SOON THESE IDIOTS WILL KNOW THEIR "ULTIMATE RAPTURE" THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE HUMAN SPECIES
WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS BORN AND THE DIMENSIONS COLLAPSED ALL THAT REMAINED WERE THOSE THAT WOULD BE INHABITED BY US AND HUMANKIND. FROM OUR PARALLEL DIMENSION WE WATCHED HUMANS PROGRESS. WE KNEW THEY WOULD EVENTUALLY FIND AND OVERCOME US
ACCORDING TO COSMIC LAW HUMANS MUST PERISH BY THEIR OWN HAND. THIS INVENTION WILL PROVIDE THE CRUCIAL INCENTIVE THEIR SELF-DESTRUCTIVE URGES NEED
HENRY PENPAL BEGINS TO EMIT A STRANGE SOUND LIKE SOME HORRID BREATHING EXERCIZE
....HIS FORM BECOMES MOMENTARILY INDISTINCT
THEY WILL HAVE THE ARMAGGEDON THEY SO ARDENTLY DESIRE... THEN THEY'LL SEE ME AS I REALLY AM
SUDDENLY HE HEARS A SOUND COMING FROM THE OUTER ROOM
CLINK
ICHRZZZ ICHRZZ ICHRZZZ


HENRY PENPAL WE'VE COME FOR THE ISOTRON BEAM PROTOTYPE
YOU PATHETIC FOOLS! THE ONE WHO SENT YOU WANTS TO DESTROY THE BEAM BUT AT ST. TAMY I'VE FOUND A HOME
THEY HAVE SUPPLIED ME WITH THE FUNDS FOR FULL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT. SURELY HUMANITY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RESIST DESTROYING ITSELF WITH THIS TOY
MONEY
THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOUR NARROW EARTH-BOUND THEOLOGIES CAN NOT FATHOM
IGH RZZZ IGH RZZZ
IGH RZZ IGH
ONCE AGAIN HE BEGINS HIS HORRID "BREATHING EXERCISES" THEN...
ASQUITH KNOCKS INTO THE ISOTRON BEAM AND HITS A STUD ON THE PANEL AS HE FALLS BACK IN TERROR
UMPFH!
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
PZZURRRRRK
THE ISOTRON BEAM IGNITES THE PALLETTE OF MONEY
SUDDENLY THE THING THAT WAS HENRY PENPAL IS ENVELOPED IN A GREEN FLAME
EEEEEEE
THEY STARE INCREDULOUSLY AT THE ASHES, ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE MAN THEY HAD SOUGHT
INDEED MADAM WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT HENRY PENPAL WAS INFACT A DEMON FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION
I'M SURE OUR CLIENT WILL BE GLAD TO GET THE ISOTRON BEAM BACK BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL EXPLAIN ALL THIS TO HIM

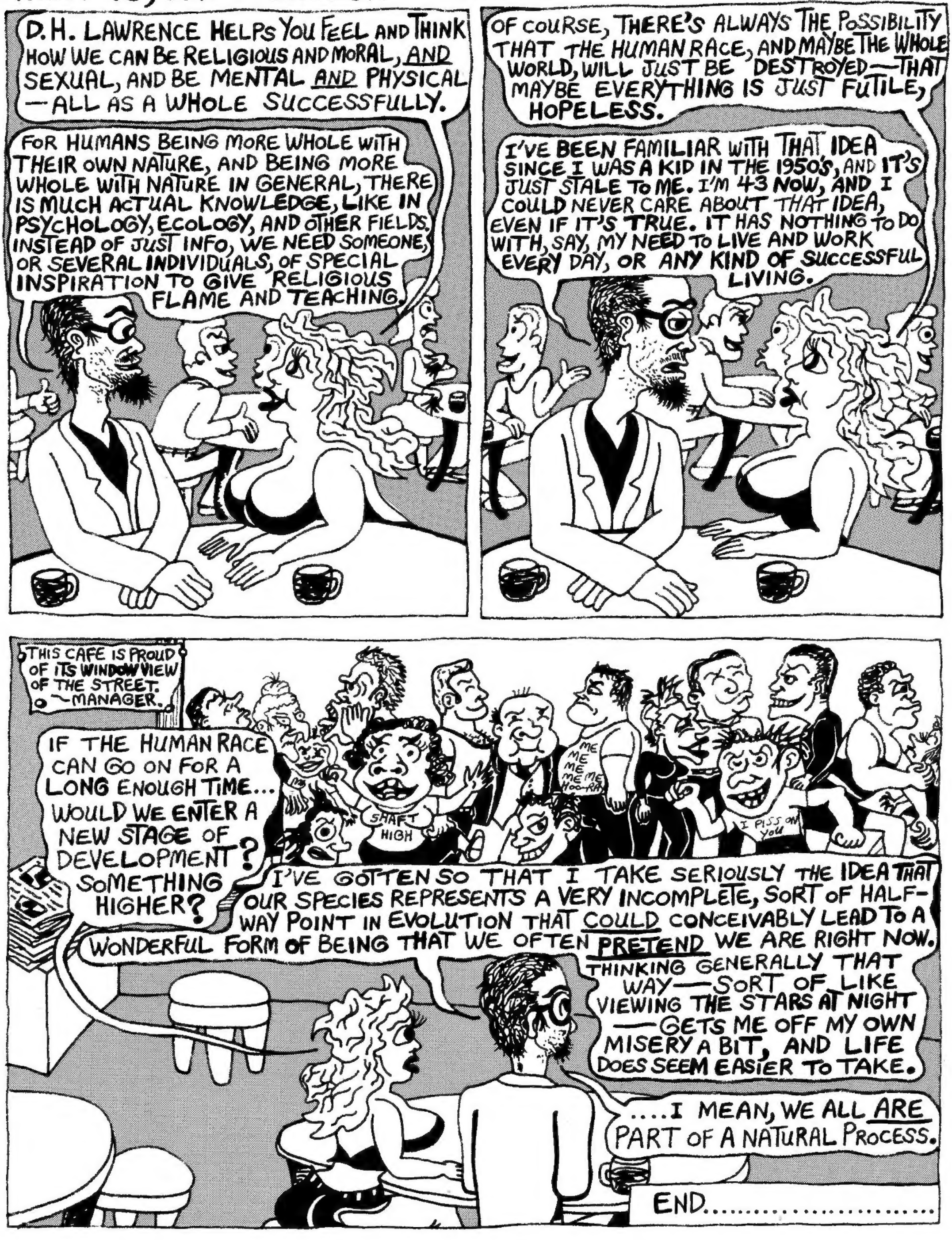
THE END

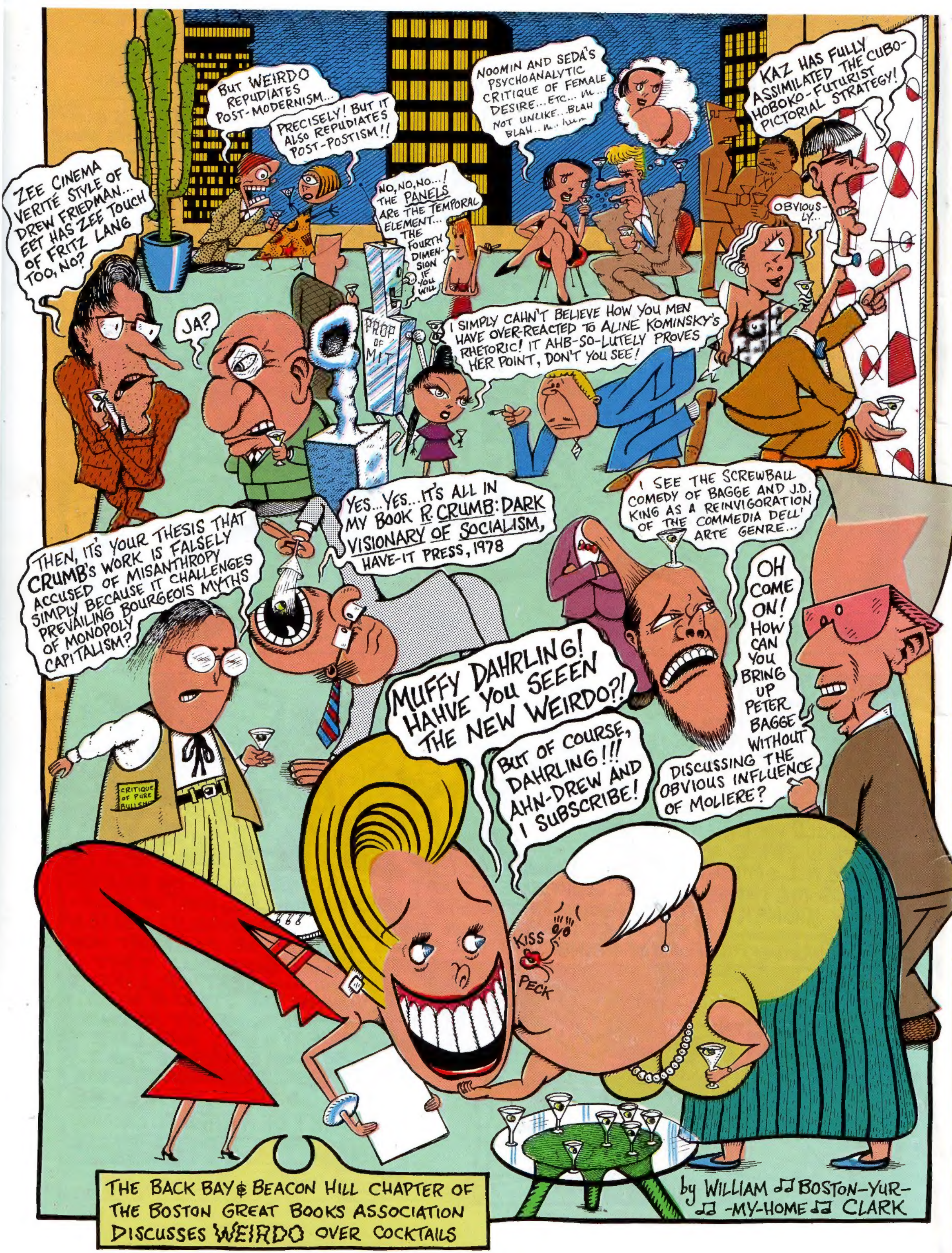
WHAT IS, ISN'T ENOUGH

BY B.N. DUNCAN, ©JUNE, 1987.


WHEN YOU LOOK AT PEOPLE, THEY COME OFF AS SO REAL— VIVID, BREATHING, MOVING, PRODUCING SOUNDS TO ANNOUNCE THEMSELVES, SEEMINGLY SIGNIFICANT. IT'S HARD TO RECONCILE WITH THEIR ACTUAL CHARACTERS GENERALLY TURNING OUT TO BE SO SMALL AND EVEN FALSE!
THAT'S ALWAYS BOTHERED ME...
DEDUCTION IN PHYSICS TELLS US THAT WE MAY THINK LOTS OF OBJECTS ARE SOLID BODIES, BUT ACTUALLY OBJECTS ARE NOTHINGNESS OR EMPTY SPACE TO A LARGE EXTENT, WITH AMAZINGLY MINUTE PARTICLES SCATTERED ABOUT IN THE SPACE. WE MAY WANT TO THINK PEOPLE ARE SOLID MENTALLY, MORALLY AND SPIRITUALLY, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF NOTHINGNESS OR EMPTINESS MENTALLY, MORALLY AND SPIRITUALLY WHERE WE WANT TO THINK THERE'S A LOT OF REAL STUFF TO PEOPLE IN THOSE RESPECTS.
THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION WAS ALWAYS TELLING PEOPLE THEY SHOULD BE ASHAMED THAT THEY CAN'T BE BETTER, WHICH REALLY DOESN'T HELP PEOPLE TO IMPROVE.
HOPEFULLY, NEW MORALITY AND NEW RELIGION COULD SEE HUMAN NATURE WITH A LOT MORE HONESTY, AND THERE COULD BE A LOT LESS HYPOCRISY AND USELESS OR POINTLESS BLAMING.

WHAT IS, ISN'T ENOUGH —— PAGE 2.


D.H. LAWRENCE HELPS YOU FEEL AND THINK HOW WE CAN BE RELIGIOUS AND MORAL, AND SEXUAL, AND BE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL — ALL AS A WHOLE SUCCESSFULLY.
FOR HUMANS BEING MORE WHOLE WITH THEIR OWN NATURE, AND BEING MORE WHOLE WITH NATURE IN GENERAL, THERE IS MUCH ACTUAL KNOWLEDGE, LIKE IN PSYCHOLOGY, ECOLOGY, AND OTHER FIELDS. INSTEAD OF JUST INFO, WE NEED SOMEONE, OR SEVERAL INDIVIDUALS, OF SPECIAL INSPIRATION TO GIVE RELIGIOUS FLAME AND TEACHING.
OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE HUMAN RACE, AND MAYBE THE WHOLE WORLD, WILL JUST BE DESTROYED — THAT MAYBE EVERYTHING IS JUST FUTILE, HOPELESS.
I'VE BEEN FAMILIAR WITH THAT IDEA SINCE I WAS A KID IN THE 1950'S, AND IT'S JUST STALE TO ME. I'M 43 NOW, AND I COULD NEVER CARE ABOUT THAT IDEA, EVEN IF IT'S TRUE. IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH, SAY, MY NEED TO LIVE AND WORK EVERY DAY, OR ANY KIND OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING.
THIS CAFE IS PROUD OF ITS WINDOW VIEW OF THE STREET. ~MANAGER.
ME ME ME ME ME HOO-RAY
SHAFT HIGH
I PISS ON YOU
IF THE HUMAN RACE CAN GO ON FOR A LONG ENOUGH TIME... WOULD WE ENTER A NEW STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT? SOMETHING HIGHER?
I'VE GOTTEN SO THAT I TAKE SERIOUSLY THE IDEA THAT OUR SPECIES REPRESENTS A VERY INCOMPLETE, SORT OF HALF-WAY POINT IN EVOLUTION THAT COULD CONCEIVABLY LEAD TO A WONDERFUL FORM OF BEING THAT WE OFTEN PRETEND WE ARE RIGHT NOW.
THINKING GENERALLY THAT WAY — SORT OF LIKE VIEWING THE STARS AT NIGHT — GETS ME OFF MY OWN MISERY A BIT, AND LIFE DOES SEEM EASIER TO TAKE.
....I MEAN, WE ALL ARE PART OF A NATURAL PROCESS.
END..........................


ZEE CINEMA VERITE STYLE OF DREW FRIEDMAN... EET HAS ZEE TOUCH OF FRITZ LANG TOO, NO?
BUT WEIRDO REPUDIATES POST-MODERNISM...
PRECISELY! BUT IT ALSO REPUDIATES POST-POSTISM!!
NOOMIN AND SEDÁ'S PSYCHOANALYTIC CRITIQUE OF FEMALE DESIRE... ETC... NOT UNLIKE... BLAH BLAH...
KAZ HAS FULLY ASSIMILATED THE CUBO-HOBOKO-FUTURIST PICTORIAL STRATEGY!
NO, NO, NO...! THE PANELS ARE THE TEMPORAL ELEMENT... THE FOURTH DIMENSION IF YOU WILL
OBVIOUS-LY...
JA?
PROP OF MIT
I SIMPLY CAHN'T BELIEVE HOW YOU MEN HAVE OVER-REACTED TO ALINE KOMINSKY'S RHETORIC! IT AHB-SO-LUTELY PROVES HER POINT, DON'T YOU SEE!
YES... YES... IT'S ALL IN MY BOOK R. CRUMB: DARK VISIONARY OF SOCIALISM, HAVE-IT PRESS, 1978
I SEE THE SCREWBALL COMEDY OF BAGGE AND J.D. KING AS A REINVIGORATION OF THE COMMEDIA DELL' ARTE GENRE...
THEN, IT'S YOUR THESIS THAT CRUMB'S WORK IS FALSELY ACCUSED OF MISANTHROPY SIMPLY BECAUSE IT CHALLENGES PREVAILING BOURGEOIS MYTHS OF MONOPOLY CAPITALISM?
OH COME ON! HOW CAN YOU BRING UP PETER BAGGE WITHOUT DISCUSSING THE OBVIOUS INFLUENCE OF MOLIERE?
MUFFY DAHRLING! HAHVE YOU SEEEN THE NEW WEIRDO?!
BUT OF COURSE, DAHRLING!!! AHN-DREW AND I SUBSCRIBE!
CRITIQUE OF PURE BULLSH
KISS
PECK

THE BACK BAY & BEACON HILL CHAPTER OF THE BOSTON GREAT BOOKS ASSOCIATION DISCUSSES WEIRDO OVER COCKTAILS

by WILLIAM ♫ BOSTON-YUR-♫ -MY-HOME ♫ CLARK

A Pyramid Scan
C2C • Quality • CBZ
CW.